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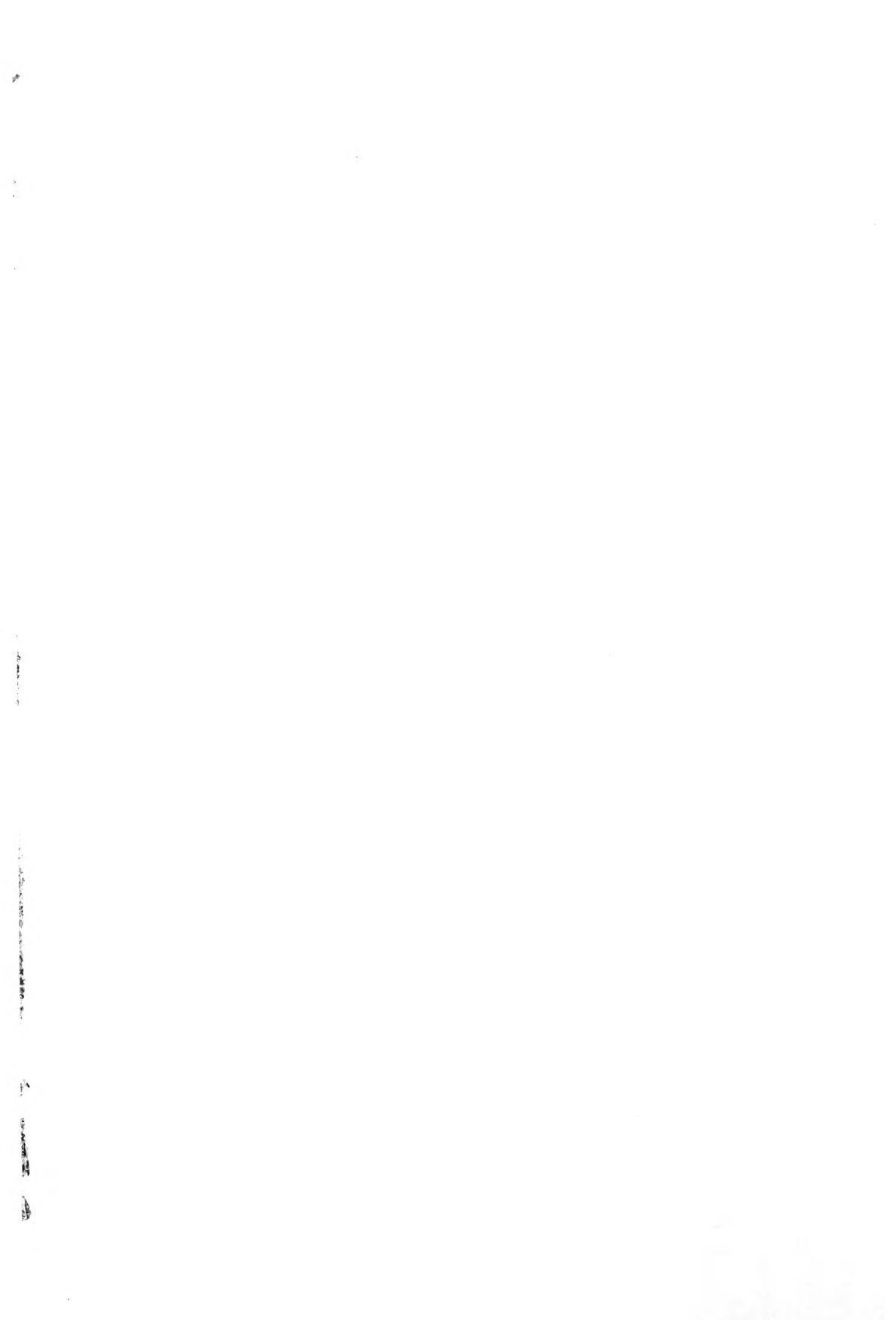
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The porcupine quill





The Harcumme Quill

Wm. C. Cimmings

High and
Vocational

School

1935

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Dedication
TO
THE PIONEERS of "THE CAMP"
and especially to the
PIONEERS IN EDUCATION IN TIMMINS
this issue of THE PORCUPINE QUILL is
respectfully and gratefully
dedicated

First High School Board, Timmins

D. Ostrosser (Chairman)	J. P. Taillon
D. W. O'Sullivan	George Lake
H. Charlebois	V. H. Emery
A. R. Harkness	W. Rinn

H. E. Montgomery (Sec.-Treas)

The first step in secondary education in Timmins was taken when the High School Board was appointed. In July 1923, Dr. Rogers, now Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, came to the town on the Board's invitation, to assist it in organizing the classes and in selecting a site for the new school. Mr. Rogers was the school's first inspector.

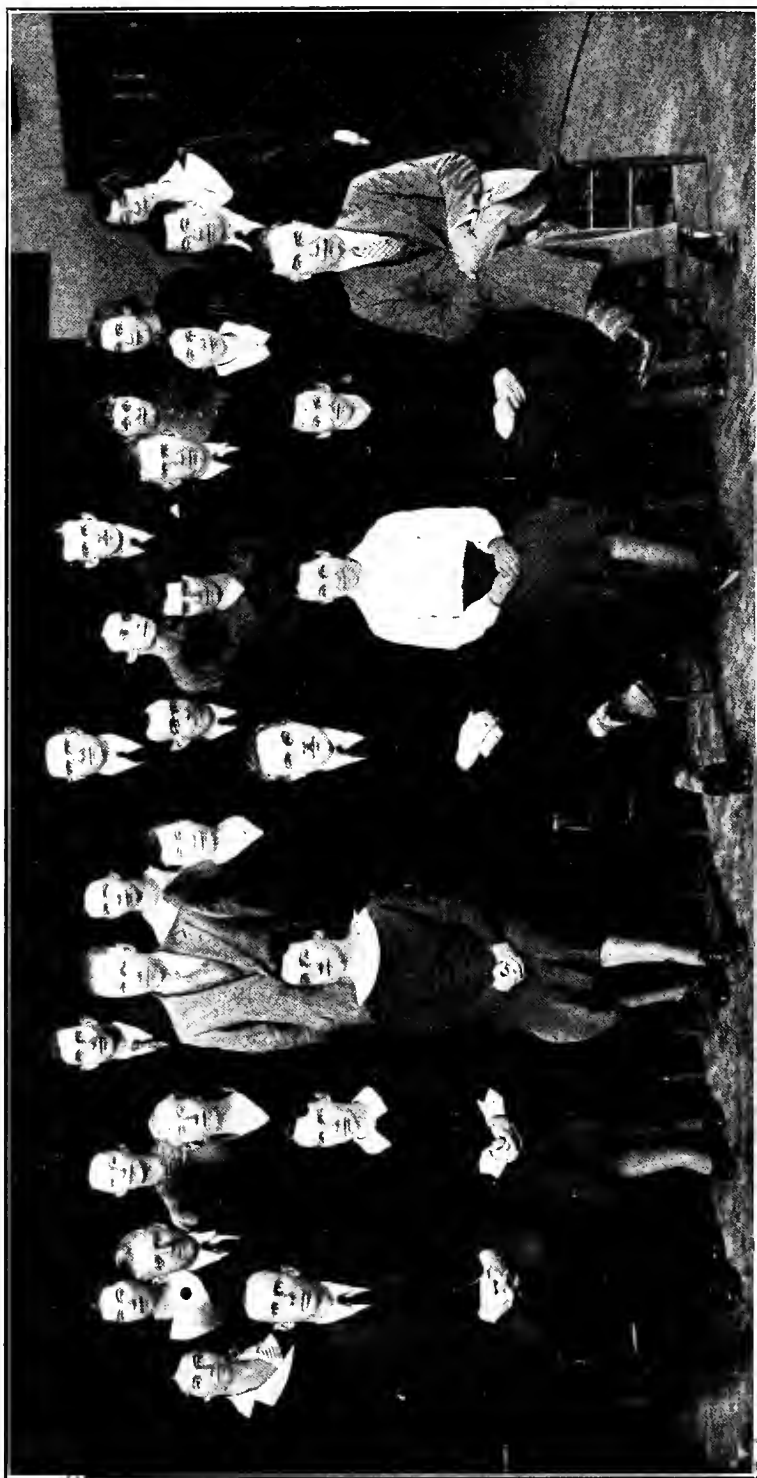
The first principal was Mr. J. W. Treleaven, B.A., Specialist in Classics. School began on Sept. 10, 1923, in King's Amusement Parlours. Science was taught by Miss Quinn in a room in the Marshall-Ecclestone Block.

On March 22 of this year, 1935, Dr. Rogers, who, as the official representative of the Department of Education, formally opened the fine high school at Schumacher, was again a visitor in our school. In the course of an unofficial conversation, he paid enthusiastic tribute to the earnestness, efficiency and despatch with which the members of our school's first Board had gone about the business of putting into concrete form what is known today as, "The Timmins High and Vocational School."



"There was a child went forth every day, and what that child saw became part of him for a day, or for a year, or for stretching cycles of years"

—Walt Whitman

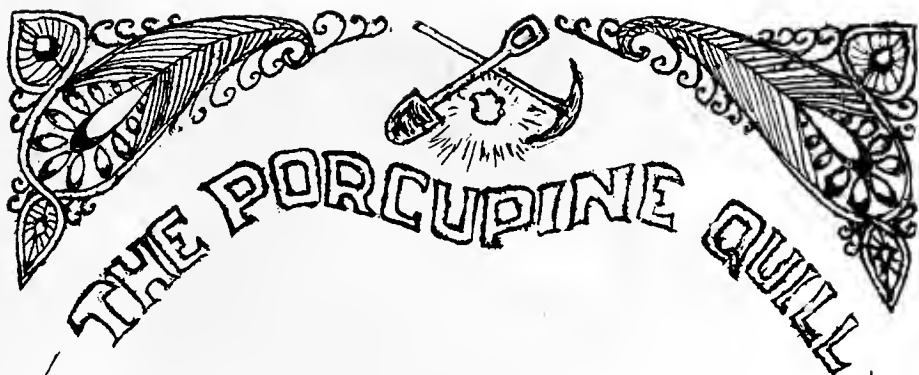


Teaching Staff of the Timmins High and Vocational School

Front Row from Left to Right:—Mr. A. Rose (Ass't Principal), Miss L. Bradley, Miss J. Mulvihill, Mr. W. W. Tanner (Principal), Miss E. Harkness, Miss M. McNamara, Mr. S. E. McDowell.

Middle Row from Left to Right:—Miss A. Garrow, Mr. F. Bird, Miss I. Cunningham, Mr. H. J. Runnalls, Miss H. E. Carthy, Mr. J. Worthington, Miss F. Evans, Mr. H. Vogel, Miss L. Quinn, Mr. F. Gauthier.

Back Row from Left to Right:—Miss A. Richards, Miss M. McLaughlin, Mr. L. Mitchell, Miss A. Smyth, Mr. N. D. Runnalls, Miss B. Goettler, Mr. J. Fawcett, Miss A. Tennant, Miss N. Mackey, Miss E. Briffett.



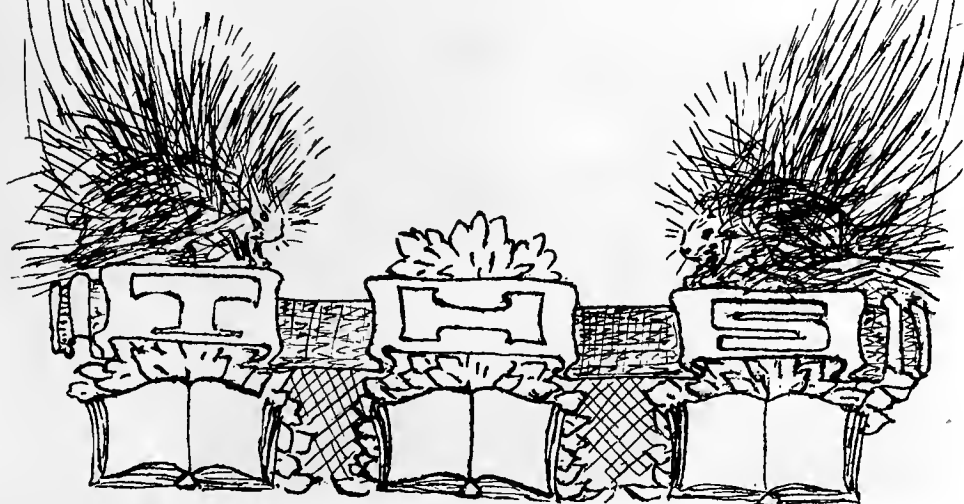
THE PORCUPINE QUILT

The Principal's Foreword

The main object of a school is to train its students to be successful in the true sense of the word, to be of value to the world. Into your fabric must be welded such principles as industry, honesty, initiative continuity, good-judgment, hopefulness and character; and the greatest of these is character founded upon truth, honour and integrity. May this success be yours:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction."

W. W. TANNER





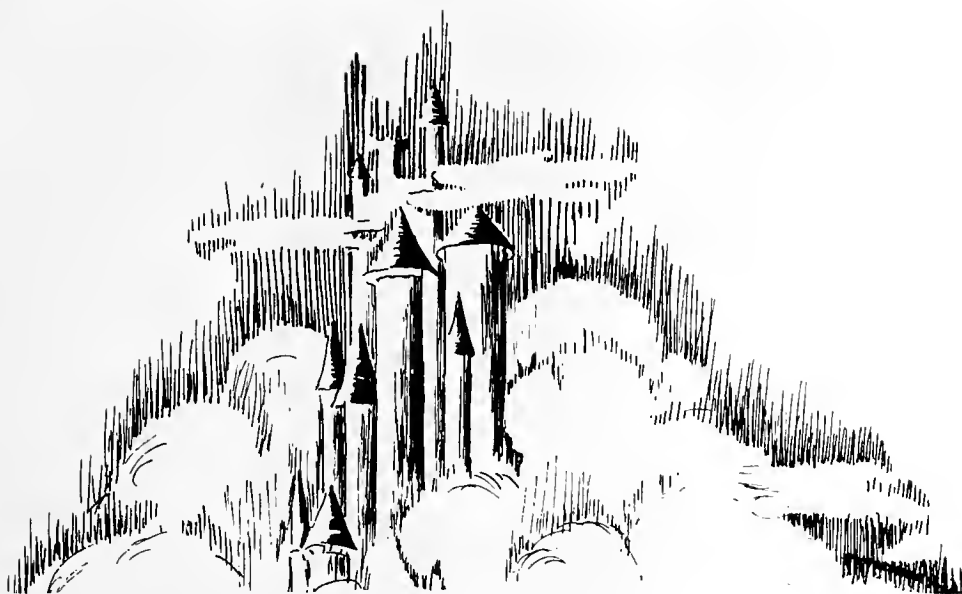
The "Quill" Staff, 1934-35

Front Row from Left to Right: Madeleine Sauve, Helen Newton (Alumni Editor), Marion Ostrosser (Editor-in-Chief), Jessie Ramsay (Literary Editor), Geraldine Beaudin (Ass't Literary Editor), Rita Forbes.

Middle Row Left to Right: Stuart Scott, Maisie Newton, Mr. W. W. Tanner (Business Manager), Miss H. E. Carthy (Staff Editor), Mr. J. W. Fawcett (Staff Advertising Manager), Marguerite Smith (Exchange Editor), Clare Dowdall (Advertising Manager).

Back Row from Left to Right: George Darling, Jack Brovender, Ambrose Killeen, Arthur Pritchard (Art Editor), Louis Guolla.

Absent: L. Baderski, V. Copps (Sports Editor), Mary Beadman.



EDITORIAL

In this issue of "The Porcupine Quill" we are attempting to tell something of the history of Timmins and its educational development. In 1927 the pupils of the Timmins High School published the first school magazine, and during the following years succeeding publications have been warmly received. We hope that this year we have preserved the spirit—the truly Northern spirit—of the earlier issues.

We of the editorial staff wish to express our appreciation of the help we have received from the school staff, from student contribu-

tors, and from friends who have helped us to turn back the pages of the "Camp" history.

We also gratefully acknowledge the work of the advertising staff, without whose industry and efficiency it would have been impossible to publish this magazine.

We commend to all our readers the advertisers whose goods and service are made known to you through the pages of this magazine. They have helped us. Will you, our readers, help us as generously by telling them "We saw it in The Quill?"

MARION OSTROSSER



"Pay no heed to the Batrachians who sit croaking idly by the stream. Life is a stright, plain business, and the way is clear, blazed for you by generations of strong men, into whose labours you enter and whose ideals must be your inspiration."

—Sir William Osler

Prologue

"All the world's a stage."

Therefore do we, on gold—not silver—screen
Flash epics wrought by dauntless pioneers
Who staked this Claim—and thus our First Act ends.
The Second shows you many Stopes and Shifts,
(The setting is our Town—the Mine, our School,
Knowledge the Cage which carries Seekers there).
To Learning's tools, the Levels spill their loads
Of precious Ore. The Third Act then outspreads
Rocks that may yield a truly rich Assay—
Of Sports and Arts and Crafts conglomerate—
Borne on the moving Zone of the school year
To Agitator and to Crucible.
The Surface Showings—spring, and winter too,—
Act Four portrays to our accustomed eyes,
We know them well. But here an Outcrop strange
Calls loudly for new tools, new processes
Then fades into the gold-illuminated screen . . .

* * *

For imagery strained and lame and halt
We crave forgetfulness—'tis but a Fault!

(Written for "The Quill" by a member of the teaching staff)

Act I

Prospecting and Staking the Claim

Scene I: "CAMP SITES"

"We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mincs within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

—Walt Whitman

Romance of Place Names in Northern Ontario

It is fascinating to speculate on the origin of place names, especially those of Northern Ontario. The names given to our towns of Northern Ontario are romantic and interesting. Some of these towns assumed their names from Indian lore; others show that those who gave them, loved dearly the homes they had left; still others were christened by circumstance. Do you know how many of the towns in Northern Ontario got their names? You do not! Then I'll tell you.

The Indians were the first people in North-

ern Ontario and they had their settlements named before the white men came. Some of these names have been retained. This part of Ontario was called Porcupine because of the many porcupines the Indians found here. Some people dispute this little tale, and say that when some prospectors were travelling over this part of the country in 1909, they caught sight of the lake in the distance. They could see that in shape it somewhat resembled an immense porcupine, and the surrounding country adopted the name.



Pioneers

Iroquois Falls was also named by the Indians. The first part of Iroquois means "I have spoken"; the latter means "short joy" or "long sorrow." This place must often have been frequented by enemy tribes. It has a falls on the Abitibi River.

Another interesting name is Kapuskasing. Kapuskasing, which was a German internment camp during the Great War, takes its name from the river upon which it is situated. Kapuskasing means "shooting waters."

Most of the towns of the North are named after men who were important at the time of the springing up of the settlements. In the year 1905, Mr. George Bannerman of Golden City and Mr. J. P. Geddes of Timmins were two of the first men in the camp. They reported gold in these localities; then the rush started. In 1909, Mr. A. Gillies and Mr. Ben Hollinger staked the Hollinger claims. Messrs L. H. and Noah Timmins, brothers, financed the Hollinger and the settlement which sprang up was called after them.

About the same time Mr. Schumacher was working on the McIntyre property. Schumacher had been called Aura Lake (from the Latin word for gold), but when the McIntyre was discovered, the town was called Schumacher. Mr. Schumacher takes great interest in Schumacher schools. Last year he presented an oil-painting of himself to the Schumacher Public School.

Pottsville was named after a fine old lady

by the name of Mrs. Potts, who was called "Ma Fotts," by the men. She kept one of the first hotels in Porcupine.

Hoyle was named after an undertaker, Mr. W. W. Hoylc, at that time a speaker of the Legislature.

Drinkwater Pit was named after Mr. Drinkwater, a former roadmaster of the T. and N. O. Its official name is Dugwall. Dugwall owes its name to the two Nicholson brothers, Douglas and Wallace, who were early settlers there. The first syllables of their Christian names are united to form "Dugwall."

Connaught was named after the Duke of Connaught who was Governor-General at that time.

Ansonville perpetuates the memory of Mr. Anson, president of the Abitibi Paper Company. Mr. Anson died about four years ago and a monument to his memory has been erected in Ansonville.

Cochrane owes its name to Hon. F. Cochrane, member for this riding in the Provincial and Dominion Houses.

Kirkland Lake was named after Miss Kirkland, an employee in the mining recorder's office.

For Mr. Englehart, chairman of the T. & N. O., at the time when the railway was being built through, Englehart was named.

Northern Ontario has not many towns which bear names given to them for sentimental reasons. However, it has a few which are very interesting.

Canusa was named by joining the short form for Canada to the short form for United States of America (U. S. A.) to make Canusa.

Mr. C. C. Farr, editor of the "Haileyburian" gave Haileybury its name, after his old college in England and New Liskeard was named after an old country town in England called Liskeard.

Other towns in Northern Ontario have been named by circumstance.

About 1909 the Dome mine was discovered. It was called Dome because of the peculiar shape of the gold-bearing deposit.

Mr. Hunter, about 1909, discovered what is now called the Hunter mine. The people living around this mine named the settlement, "City of Gold," and then shortened it to, "Golden City."

Porquis Junction is a railway junction for trains from Iroquois Falls and Porcupine. The name Porquis is made by adding the first syllable of "Porcupine," to the last part of "Iroquois."

Swastika, the home of the Lucky Cross Mine, was named after the lucky swastika cross.

The name "Cobalt" suggests the mineral. When the T. and N. O. was being built through Cobalt, a blacksmith, Mr. LaRose,

threw his hammer at the rocks. A piece was chipped off, exposing the cobalt. Cobalt is used to give blue colour to glass, glazes and enamels, and to correct objectionable yellow and orange tints.

These names have been officially given to the places named by the Ontario government.

I am indebted to Mr. G. A. Macdonald of The Porcupine Advance for much of my information.

VALERIE MORLEY



Street in Timmins

Courtesy of A. Tomkinson

Scene II: "SAFETY FIRST"

The History of the Timmins Fire Department

The greater majority of the houses in Timmins are wooden frame houses. Should fire get a firm hold on one of these, only a very efficient fire department could save the building from complete destruction.

Most of you have walked past the Timmins Fire Station and have seen the two fine trucks; but how many of you have given one minute's thought to what kind of fire department we had in Timmins in its first days and to how it has progressed to the efficient fire fighting organization it now is?

In 1912 a group of volunteers met in a box car on a railway siding, with Jack Nolan as their chief. They had ten lengths of hose and one nozzle. A hand reel was part of their equipment. Covered by a tarpaulin, it and

the ten lengths of hose were kept on the vacant lot that is now occupied by the Imperial Bank. A steam fire engine pumped the water from Miller Lake, now called the "Cyanide," through a six-inch surface main.

Later on, a shack was secured on Third Avenue on the lot now occupied by the Dominion Stores. By this time the fire department had two reels. One night the house where they kept their pumping engine was burned down. The man who usually slept there was forced to make a hurried dive through a window to save himself. The worst part of it all was that the engine did not belong to Timmins, but to the Watrous Company of Brantford.

In 1913 the fire hall was moved to its pre-

sent site. The personnel still consisted of volunteers. A horse-drawn fire engine was obtained to replace the hand reels. The firemen did not have their own horses, but had to depend on delivery horses when there was a fire alarm. It was no uncommon sight to see two or three teams racing neck-and-neck along the street to be hitched up. The team that was ready first was paid five dollars.

In 1916 a standing fire department was organized with Mr. Borland as the chief. After a short time he turned down the position, and Robert Day replaced him. He stayed here about three weeks. Mr. Borland returned on March 1st, 1917, and has acted as chief of the Timmins Fire Department from that time to this day except for a brief period last year.

In the days when the firemen had only a horse-drawn wagon and reels, there were only eighteen hydrants. To-day the department is motorized. There is one light combination hose, and chemical truck, and one LaFrance city service truck carrying hose, chemicals, and ladders. We have now 160 water hydrants. The fire alarm system is of the most modern kind, with forty-two boxes distributed about the town.

There have been as many as sixteen men in the department, but to-day there are, besides the chief ten men working on the two platoon system. In case of a major fire there are twenty volunteers at call.

The all-volunteer fire department of 1914,

when Timmins was a youngster of five, consisted of twenty men: Jack Nolan, the chief, who at present is somewhere in Tennessee; Frank Stockwell, the deputy chief; Gillespie Dickson, secretary-treasurer (the last-mentioned went overseas during the War, and their present homes are unknown). Charlie Harrington, who is now in Detroit; E. P. Gauthier, still a resident of Timmins; Charles Dalton, now deceased; Sam McCloud, now in Cochrane; M. Daher, still a member of the T. F. D.; Leo Mascioli, to-day one of Timmins' contractors; Henry Fitzpatrick, now in Kansas; S. I. Bucovetsky, still in Timmins; Tom Wilson, who is living in Eastern Ontario; J. K. Moore, who died in England; S. Robinson, who is now the chief of the Kapuskasing Fire Department; Jack King, deceased; W. G. Smith, now in Aurora; A. Belanger, who is said to be a farmer in this vicinity; Andy Seeds, in Detroit; P. M. Bardesson, still in Timmins and his bull-pup, "Hinkie," who died long since.

On March 7th of this year the worst fire in three years broke out at noon in the St. Onge block at the end of Third Avenue. This was a difficult fire to handle, as the sawdust in between the walls was burning. This made it very difficult to check the progress of the fire. After struggling with it for the whole afternoon, the fire was checked. There were no accidents and the department worked smoothly, like one man. As a final word, I think that our fire department would be a credit to any town.

WILHO SIVUNEN

Scene III: "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"

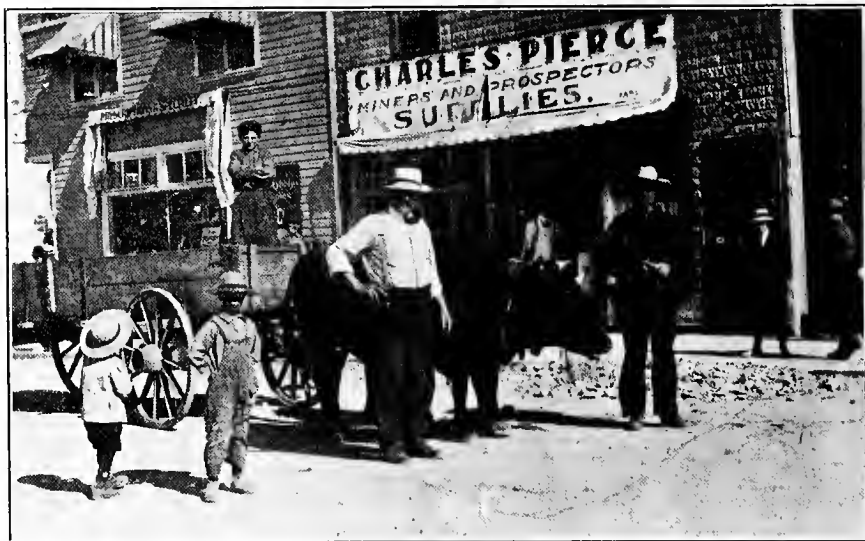
"We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents."

Business in Timmins Then and Now

In the year 1909 prospectors began to flock into what is now known as "The Porcupine." After the discovery of gold at the Dome, Golden City and South Porcupine, towns of about 3,000 became the chief commercial centres. They were very progressive and had several stores, hotels and a hospital. In 1910 there was a rich find at the Hollinger. The Hollinger mine then formed a townsite and lots were sold by auction to the highest bidders.

In 1911 a great disaster occurred—Golden City and South Porcupine were destroyed by fire and many lives were lost. Then, as the Hollinger began to boom, all eyes turned toward Timmins.

The first store in Timmins was begun in a tent. It was a general store situated on the Hollinger property, near the present golf course. This store was owned by Mr. Charles Pierce. Mr. Pierce soon moved to a wooden



"Pills and Things"

structure on the site where his present store now stands. Near him Mr. McLaughlin also had his general store built. Mr. Charles See built a drug store. To every good pioneer his slogan, "Pills and Things" is very well known.

How did these early stores get their supplies from the larger cities? At first all goods had to be hauled, on wagons or sleighs, from South Porcupine. In 1911 tracks were laid to Timmins, but were not used until the following year, as the road bed was not solid. Two box-cars on a side track served as station and freight office. Trains ran daily from other centres to South Porcupine giving a very good service. Later there was a daily connection between Timmins and South Porcupine. To-day Timmins has a daily train schedule connecting it with all the important centres of our country. The freight-shed is a large building and the station is a brick structure.

Where did the town get its water, and how did it get its lights? At first its water supply was from several natural springs. One of these was at what is known to-day as the corner of Elm Street and Third Avenue. Then pipe lines from a huge reservoir, built behind the present fire-hall, were laid to all the houses. Now Timmins has a modern water system, with purified water from the Mattagami entering every home. The earliest

lights were coal oil and gasoline lamps. But as a mine needs electricity to run its various departments, as early as 1912, when it was barely three years old, Timmins was equipped with electricity generated from Waiwaitin Falls.

As the town became established, a bank was necessary to deposit the payroll. This problem was solved when, in 1912, the Bank of Ottawa opened a branch, where the Reed Block is now situated. Later the Imperial Bank of Canada established itself on the corner, where it remains to the present day. Now Timmins has five different banks.

What did the people do for amusements? In 1912 "King's Amusement Parlour" was established. This had a dancing floor upstairs and a billiard hall downstairs. A silent movie was started by Mr. Leo Mascioli in 1913. A block was laid aside for an Athletic Grounds, where, every Sunday, various teams played keen baseball. This block is still in the central part of the town. In the winter, hockey was the leading sport and players were imported. In 1934, its Silver Jubilee year, Timmins had two "talkies" and several dance halls.

With the finding of gold Timmins soon grew into a larger town. From the early years, particularly from 1914, to the present year, it has been the scene of much activity.

Stores were built along Third Avenue and Pine Street. Various doctors, dentists and lawyers established their offices in the business section. Chain stores opened branches until, in 1935, Timmins has many business places.

The population of one thousand in 1912 has

increased to over sixteen thousand. From virgin forest Timmins has become a beautiful town with a fine hospital, good and adequate educational institutions, and a business district that in this time of depression is the mecca of travelling salesmen.

JACK BROVENDER

Scene IV: "FUN AND FROLIC"

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Fun When "The Camp" was New

When the little settlement of Pottsville, now South Porcupine, and the site of what is now Timmins were being surveyed, Schumacher was non-existent, though it began to be settled a few years later. At the various mines and alleged mines small "camps" had grown up and, as the general manager, engineers, and other mining men had brought their wives with them, social activities began.

Although the roads were merely wide trails corduroyed in the worst places, which made it far more comfortable to walk than to ride in summer, the ladies were able to organize tea parties, dinner parties, and card parties much as they do now. One of the most popular social activities was dancing. A great many dances were held in the early days, usually in the halls of fraternal organizations or in the Miners' Union. Both round and square dancing were popular then. The music for these dances was usually provided by a single person playing the piano, sometimes accompanied by a violin. The most popular team of those days was that of Scotty Wilson and Gene Colombo, and they were much in demand. One of the most important events in the early days of the Camp

was the annual Firemen's Ball. This was considered a great social event. The Church societies were always giving dances or card parties to augment their funds. These all contributed to the enjoyment of the community.

In the first days of the Camp, an amateur theatrical company was formed. This company performed with homemade scenery and costumes and even homemade plays, and provided entertainment and amusement, probably more amusement than entertainment, when the actors forgot their lines or made other mistakes. The lines in these plays often caused laughter by reference to local people and affairs. On one occasion a string quartette composed of some of the well-known men of the community appeared on the stage to play, accompanied by a piano and violin in the pit. As neither group could hear the other; the result was a musical disaster. The audience enjoyed it more than the musicians and from the standpoint of amusement, it was a success.

A moving picture theatre made its appearance in Timmins in the early days of the Camp. This was situated in one of the



Snowshoeing Party

buildings near the site of the present Goldfields Theatre. It was not fireproof or very comfortable, but contributed a great deal to the entertainment of the community. In 1912, because of the high prices of food and low wages, the miners went on a strike. During this time the mine brought the pictures up there and showed them in the machine shop which was turned into a cook camp, much to the enjoyment of the audience. One of the first pictures to be shown in Timmins was "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo. Although not reaching the standard of present-day productions, these pictures were enjoyed as much by the early settlers, as the present-day pictures are enjoyed by the people of to-day.

Out-of-doors sports played a great part in the amusement of the early settlers in Timmins. In summer, and fall, hunting and fishing were enjoyed to a certain extent. Though the district of Timmins has never been an especially good hunting ground, many men enjoyed this sport, especially in duck-hunting. Fishing in those days was closer at hand than now, for Gillies Lake contained many fish in the early days. The mines had not then begun to dump into the lake, the cyanide which has killed the fish and destroyed the early fishing grounds of the Camp. Canoeing was also popular in those days. Much of this was done on Gillies Lake, though Miller Lake was also used until the Hollinger began to fill it in. In winter out-of-doors sports played an even greater part in the life of the Camp. Although skiing was practically unknown in 1911, snow-shoeing took its place. To-day skiing is one of the greatest winter sports; then snow-shoeing was the greatest. If there was a party in South Porcupine, it was a general practice to put on moccasins, carry your shoes in your pocket, and go. No one thought anything of doing this and snow-shoeing from the Dome to Timmins and back; and then the men went to work next day. Snow-shoeing parties were very popular. The guests usually assembled and tramped to a designated spot, where a bonfire was built and coffee and sandwiches were served. Around the bonfire they sang songs and played games. Perhaps one of the most amusing things they did at these parties was to try to dance the Virginia Reel on snowshoes. These parties were enjoyed by every-

one and most people took part in them.

Sleighting as enjoyed to-day on bob-sleighs and toboggans was never very popular. Although there was a fair slide at Golden City, the lack of long, steep hills and the depth of the snow prevented this sport from attaining popularity. A more popular entertainment was to hire one or two teams of work-horses and make up a party. Then, wrapped in buffalo robes, they might go to some point where a hot meal would be served, as is still done. Rinks were built in both Timmins and South Porcupine at a very early date. These provided skating, which became very popular. Many skating parties were



Queen of the Carnival

organized which provided enjoyment and amusement for everyone.

One event of the winter which is no longer held was the annual Winter Carnival. This included dog-team races, snow-shoe races, carnival parade and the election of a queen. At the close of the day's fun, everyone repaired to the town rink and took part in the "Moccasin Dance." This dance was held on the ice, and all the dancers had to wear moccasins. If you have ever attempted to stand up on ice in moccasins, you will understand the amusement this dance must have given both spectators and participants. The falls were numerous and often hard; but what of it? It was fun, and that is what these early settlers wanted.

Various athletic clubs were organized early in the life of the Camp to provide competitive sport for the settlers. Baseball, almost unknown in Timmins to-day, was very popular in the early days. Football was also a popular summer sport, as it still is. Both of these provided entertainment for the people, but the sport most enjoyed then as now was the

greatest winter sport, ice-hockey. In the first days of the Camp Mine teams and Town teams were organized and provided very good hockey. In fact some of the early teams were far better than those produced by local clubs in the last few years. The matches were always hard-fought, both as hockey matches and pugilistic encounters.

The early settlers in Timmins did not have the comfort and choice of amusements that

we have; but they enjoyed themselves as much if not more than we do. Though their amusements were simpler, they were much more picturesque.

The pioneers of "the camp" should not be pitied for what they lacked in the way of amusements and good times generally; rather they should be envied by a generation that has never known the fun of the Moccasin Dance or of "home made" dramatic evenings.

CATHERINE KELLY

Scene V: "CHRISTMAS"

"Goodwill toward Men"

The Christmas Tree of 1923

This Kiwanis Christmas Tree party took place on December the Twentieth, 1923. The day was cool, the air still, and fluffy white clouds moved slowly across the sky.

On a platform that had been erected near the railway station a huge Christmas Tree had been set up. It was decorated with electric lights of all colours, imitation snow and icicles, small Santa Clauses, and bright silver bells joined together with red or green tinsel-covered string; and tied to the very top of the tree was a large, silver, shining star. Here and there were hung brightly-coloured parcels and toys. Around the base of the tree were piled larger and heavier Christmas presents. But the thing that drew one's attention first was a wide band of white, gold-edged, velvety cloth, inscribed: "Peace And Goodwill To Men."

Early in the afternoon children of all ages began to arrive. The two or three-year-old tots were escorted by their parents, and the older boys were running here and there excitedly, pointing out the different toys and other presents on the Christmas Tree.

Suddenly, there was a hush! Then all the children yelled delightedly; for there, by the Christmas Tree, all clothed in red and white,

stood Santa Claus! Many prominent men of the camp stood nearby. The band struck up "O Canada!" and everybody sang.

Then on behalf of the people, a number of speakers praised the Kiwanis Club for its kind action. Among the speakers that Christmas Day were Rev. Father Theriault and Dr. McInnis, who are still prominent members of the Porcupine Camp.

The children's good behavior during the speeches was then rewarded, for Santa handed out the toys and other presents to the accompaniment of delighted exclamations from the children.

Once more the band played and everybody sang. All the songs were and still are well-known: "The Marseillaise"; "Alouette"; "Tipperary"; "Auld Lang Syne"; and "Jingle Bells" were the songs that helped to brighten this day still more for everyone.

A few more words of thanks were addressed to the Kiwanis Club, and then everybody left happy, after the singing of "God Save the King."

This Christmas Tree of eleven years ago is still remembered by many in the camp as one of the many good deeds of the Timmins Kiwanis Club.

GEORGE A. ROY

The winds are blowing all around,
They blow the leaves and trees;
They blow the kites high in the sky,
And do just as they please.

MURIEL THOMPSON



FREIGHTING INTO PORCUPINE, 1911

Courtesy of A. Tomkinson

Interlude (a): "THE SERVANT INDISPENSABLE"

"I like to see it lap the miles
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks."

What the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Means to the North

Few people in Northern Ontario realize the immense value of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway to the North. Most people, if they think of it at all, think of it as a joke: they have even originated the nickname, based on the initials: "Time No Object." Despite all this derision the T. and N. O. plays an important part in Northern life.

The service that it gives to the mines alone is sufficient reason for praise. Almost every day in the week, mine machinery and supplies are brought in by freight. This machinery might be brought in by trucks, but trucks would take a longer time; and it would be an unsafe mode of transportation when dynamite and blasting caps were being shipped. The railway co-operates with the mines when serious accidents occur, such as the Hollinger disaster of 1928, when it rushed north a special train carrying rescue equipment. Without this railway the mines simply could not carry on.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is very important in the every-day life of every Northern town, because, with the

exception of four months in the year, all supplies must be brought in by train. Food, clothing, furniture, tools and everything necessary for the comfort of the inhabitants is brought in by the railway. Without it, Northern Ontario would be a vast, densely-wooded region, with a few trappers, and with no towns or means of communication with the outside world.

Early this year, the T. and N. O. inaugurated a new train service for the North. Now, Timmins, rather than Cochrane, has become the terminal, an arrangement which does away with the necessity of changing trains at Porquis Junction. The northbound train leaves Toronto each night at ten minutes after eleven, which gives the traveller time to go to a theatre, a hockey game, a lecture, or a concert. And yet, despite the fact that he has almost two hours more to spend in Toronto, he arrives in Timmins forty-five minutes earlier than under the old schedule.

This change in the time-table is sufficient proof that the authorities fully recognize the value of this railway to Northern Ontario.

BASIL HOWSE

Interlude (b): "THE FAMILY RE-UNION"

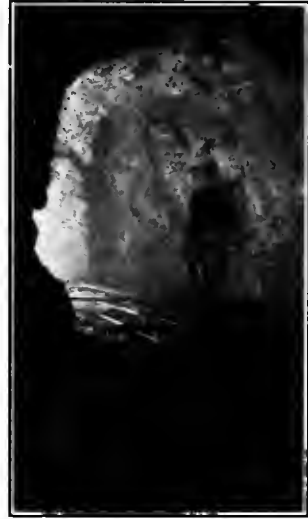
25th Anniversary Discovery of the Porcupine Gold Mines

The celebration of the 25th anniversary of the discovery of gold in the Porcupine Camp began on Wednesday, May 23, 1934 and ended on Wednesday, June 6. Two weeks of colourful, unforgettable pictures of the Porcupine Gold Camp, in its youth and as it is now, were presented. This great celebration took place in the Timmins Arena (situated on Balsam Street, near the Goldfields Theatre) under the guidance of Reverend Father C. E. Theriault and with the help of several committees—General, Reception and Mines. The celebration was both a great success and a great tribute to the town of Timmins, which is fast progressing.

The celebration was officially opened on May 23rd by the Honourable Charles McCrea and the Honourable J. E. Perreault, Ministers of Mines for Ontario and Quebec. Their presence was indeed a great honour to the Porcupine Camp, especially to the citizens of Timmins, who feel proud that they can boast of having one of the greatest gold mines in the world. Their enthusiasm was clearly shown on the opening day, when they thronged into the Arena.

The inside was like a beautiful garden, for every compartment, small or large, was decorated in the finest, bright colours; bright lights glittered everywhere. The leading manufacturers displayed their wares in a most effective and interesting way. Samples of their different products were given to the onlookers. Grocery stores also made beautiful showings of choice and delicious foods, domestic and imported. But best of all was the display, in the mining section, of the yellow ore which has made the name of Timmins a word on the lips of everyone. This section was organized by the leading mines of the camp. Mining implements used as early as 1909 were shown. They consisted of helmets, candles, which were later replaced by the so-called miners' lamp, drilling machines, dynamite caps and various other gadgets. Only by looking at the changes in tools can one realize the great progress the mines of the Porcupine Camp have made. In addition to these displays, there were large photos of underground workings, crews of men and machines; there were pictures of the first Hollinger shaft—and merely to look at it would make one

tremble, it seemed so dangerous and threatening. Out of that one shaft sprang the great Hollinger Mines. It is as Premier Henry said, "Twenty-five years is a brief period in



Interior of a Gold Mine

a country's history; but it is a long time in the career of gold mining in this province." These displays by the mines outlined clearly the history of the Porcupine Gold Camp.

While the souvenirs of former days were being displayed in the arena, the Crescent Amusement Company's big midway on the grounds next to the arena was in full swing. It provided laughter, entertainment and thrills for the throng of "old-timers." One could not fail to see the light of gaiety and enthusiasm in their eyes; for old memories were being reviewed. There were competitions of first aid crews who demonstrated the use of first aid equipment; there were miners' drilling contests which involved the setting up of a complete drill. There were pie-eating contests, bagpipe competitions and fashion shows.

On June 6th the celebration of this twenty-fifth anniversary ended. But in the two weeks the development of the Porcupine Gold Camp was relived. The history of Timmins is short, but eventful; we, as citizens of Timmins, realize that:

"We live in deeds, not years,
In heart-throbs, not in figures on a dial."

LOUIS GUOLLA

Act II

"The Mine"

Scene I: "CROWDING THE CAGE"

"Ah, the glory of the day's work, whether with hand or brain!"

—Walt Whitman quoted by Sir William Osler



To give the readers of "The Quill" an idea of the number of races and nationalities represented in our school, we have asked a number of students to write for our columns an account of the schools from which they or their parents have come.

(Editor's Note)

In Scotland

Although Scotland is famous throughout the world, for her centres of learning and her system of education, Ontario's schools compare very favourably with hers.

In Scotland, because of the strict discipline, the teachers do not seem to be human and the pupils are shy and diffident with them. In Ontario, the teachers appeal more to the student's sense of justice, and severity is seldom necessary.

In Scottish schools the pupils are taught vocational as well as cultural subjects. Girls are taught sewing, knitting and cooking and boys, manual work. If he makes an exceptionally good piece of work, some lucky boy will receive the Merit Certificate from Buckingham Palace, and his work will enter the London Museum. The other subjects of the curriculum are similar to those taught in Ontario.

The chief sport in Scottish schools is football, which all boys are compelled to play. The next in importance is swimming. Every day the boys and girls are taken to the public swimming pool, where they must learn to swim. Headball, softball, and cricket are among the other games played.

There is less stress placed on the Entrance

or "Qualifying" examinations in Scotland. This relieves the pupil of the nervousness so common in Ontario at the time of the departmental examinations.

A medal called the "Dux Medal," is given to the head of the class each week, and the pupil who keeps it longest during the term is given a prize. At the end of the Christmas term, books are given to pupils who have obtained a certain standing.

These prizes arouse the spirit of competition, which is very common in Scottish schools.

The Scottish people have a great system of education—one that the Scottish lads and lassies should be proud of—just as we in Ontario are proud of ours.

JAMES VEITCH.

American Public Schools

The schools in my home city of Detroit differ from Ontario schools in several ways. There, the primary or elementary schools take one to the sixth grade. The intermediate school includes grades seven to nine. Then come the high schools, or grades ten to twelve, which correspond to Canadian secondary schools. The advanced schools are called Universities as in Canada.

The lunch hours are not the same in Ontario as in Detroit. They have twenty minutes for lunch and eat it in the lunch room on the top floor of the school. This shortens the school day considerably. For ten cents, the students can have a scoop of potatoes with gravy, two slices of bread and butter, a piece of meat, a half pint of milk, and a dish of prunes or apricots, which would make anyone's mouth water.

Another way in which the Detroit schools differ is in the wider range of subjects, which include Aeronautics, Automobile construction, Jewelry construction, printing and metal patternmaking. The organization of the School is different too. The High School and the Technical School students take Mathematics, English, and such subjects together and and separate for shop work and for certain High School Academic Subjects. There are tests every two weeks, and to determine the standing for the term, the average is taken of all the tests. The grades or marks needed to attain this mark are as follows:

A—Superior, 100 p.c. to 90 p.c.

B—Above Average, 90 p.c. to 80 p.c.

C—Average, 80 p.c. to 75 p.c.

D—Below Average, 75 p.c. to 70 p.c.

E—Failure, 70 p.c. to 0 p.c.

If a student earns a pass mark or over, he may be promoted to a higher grade or class twice a year, as the grades are divided into two parts. If a student earns 80 p.c. or over in any subject, he does not have to write the final examination in that subject.

The buildings of Detroit Schools are very attractive and well constructed. They cover a city block and are from three to ten stories high. There are elevators for the students and teachers, and swimming pools ranging from four to seven and a half feet deep. Diving boards and life poles are included in the equipment. The Auditoriums seat 500 to 3500. The school I attended had thirty-five hundred seats. This Auditorium had a balcony which ran up from the second storey to the fourth, with entrances on each floor.

We also had the staggered system to accommodate a larger number of students.

BOB MITCHELL, T3A.

In France

Schools in France are not very different from those in Canada, except that Greek and Roman history are taught to very young children and also Greek and Roman mythology. Many older children follow courses on different subjects and to do this they go to several schools, rather than one.

School days are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Thursday and Sunday are holidays. The school year begins in October and ends the last of July.

There were more convents and private schools in France before 1902, when the government passed a law expelling all religious orders from the country. Then parents were obliged to send their children to government schools: but still there are, even now, many private schools, for French people do not believe in mixing classes, as we do in America. Parents of better education would not send their children to public schools, for fear they would be in contact with children of an inferior class.

MARGUERITE THERIAULT.

In Germany

The "Volkschule" of Germany is an eight-year institution supported by the state and free to all pupils. Boys and girls are taught in the same class in the smaller communities and in separate classes or separate schools in larger centres.

All the children go to the elementary school at the age of six. School hours are early; boys and girls have to be at school at seven o'clock in the morning in summer and at eight o'clock in the winter.

Music and theatres are regarded as a part of education. The talented pupils in the schools form together to make a string orchestra to entertain the adults.

Pupils who graduate from the "Volkschule" go into technical school, where they are prepared for trades, or to the high school called the "Gymnasium." The training in Gymnasium is superior to that in American schools, especially in Greek, Latin and Science, and is very heavily loaded on the literary side.

In Germany parents and teachers communicate, and the child is under the strictest rule of obedience and respect toward the teachers.

The highest institutions of the German educational system following the Gymnasium are the universities. These are professional schools. The method of instruction is the lecture method. In general a German student takes a longer period than in Canada to complete the work for his degree. It is the habit of the German student to migrate from institution to institution, spending a semester in each of a number of the leading universities, and thus coming in contact with the prominent lecturers in the different fields.

The universities are maintained by royal grants, by student fees, and by appropriation from the state. An instructor receives a certain fee for each student who registers in his courses.

LOUISE WALTER

In Switzerland

I think that you will find the story which I am going to write interesting. First I will tell you about the school laws in Switzerland.

In the summer the school starts at 7 o'clock in the morning, and each period is one hour. But between each period is 10 minutes time to do homework for the next day. Then at 9 o'clock is a "pause" of 20 minutes, or $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and more. And after this "pause" the school periods start again till 12 o'clock. In the afternoon school starts again at one, and at three o'clock is a "pause" of 15 minutes. All school classes end at 4 o'clock. So every day except all day Wednesday, and Saturday afternoon, because at these times there is no school in the most places.

The most schools were built more than eighty years ago. And so the walls are sometimes one yard thick which do not let enter enough light. In most schools they let the electric light burn the whole day, because it is not easy to make windows in those thick stone walls.

Each teacher has around thirty to thirty-five pupils. And the most teachers are men. In the High, secondary, gymnasium schools, the teachers have to make "examens" to get the Dr. title before they can get a place to teach. In Switzerland the only thing which is different than in Canada is that the students have not to write only notes at school, but in Switzerland the teacher explains the

things, and then the next day he asks the pupils oral questions and makes marks, which, at the end of the year are averaged. Then we make small notes, but we study the most things right from the book. For example:— In geography we have maps which are on the walls, and study the lands and countries which the teacher explains. An example of the notes we have: "Timmins in the north of the province of Ontario, industry, gold mine, Population about 20,000."

The law is that children six years old should go to school for eight or nine years. But if they do not pass on "examens" they have to start the certain subject again.

In the summer time there is every two weeks a day on which the whole school goes swimming in the rivers. And in the winter they go skiing and skating.

In the most schools they have only two month holidays because they go on places, where, maybe, an important historical fact took place, or to see the things which they studied at school, which no body ever saw; and so they travel by train and cars to those places. The ones which have sick lungs have to go to places on the mountains to get fresh sunny air into their lungs.

I think I told the most important.

BEN BAUMAN

(Editor's Note: This account, and the description of plant life in Switzerland which the reader will find on one of the following pages, is the work of a student who began to speak and write English only last August).

In Finland

Finland is not a very rich country. Its chief sources of wealth are lumbering, fishing, manufacturing and mining. Its greatest wealth seem to be in its system of education.

Until quite recently, a student intending to become a doctor was forced to attend school until he was nearly forty years of age. Now he completes the same course when he is about thirty years of age.

In Finland a child is placed into the lower primary school at eight years of age, where, for two years, he is taught to read and write. In his third year of school, he enters the public school. He is taught, during the six years he attends this school, catechism, geometry and arithmetic, general history, the history

of mankind, the history of the Church, and the history of Finland, geography, nature study—which consists of the study of plants and animals, physics, physiography, chemistry, and astronomy—art and handicraft, hygiene and athletics.

His public school course completed he enters high school, where he is taught the same subjects, but in more detail. Four languages—Latin, Finnish, Swedish, and English—are compulsory; and if his aim in life is to become a doctor, he must take four other languages. Everything taught to him must be translated into each language which he is studying.

For homework the student must memorize a chapter of his textbook so well that, upon returning to school the next day, he can recite any part of the chapter asked of him, and can also answer, in his own words, any questions put to him by the teacher relating to the subject. This class procedure varies greatly from our question and answer method.

Finland, like Canada, also has universities, and if the pupil desires to become a doctor or lawyer, he attends there for ten years. Then the student desirous of becoming a doctor is sent to a hospital for two years, as part of his course. He returns to the university to write his examinations. Until a few years ago, these examinations were written in Germany, and took two years to write.

The schools are built much like those in Canada. In the country, the lower primary schools and the public schools, are built of stout logs, but in the towns they are usually built of gray granite with wooden floors. The high schools and the normal schools, which are found only in the larger towns and cities, are built of grey granite, but with floors of marble. The universities, which are very large buildings, are built of huge slabs of grey granite, with marble floors. Thus it is seen that granite is used most in building schools, mainly because it is quarried in Finland.

The school term usually begins about the fifth of September. The Christmas holidays begin on the twentieth of December, and the pupils return to school on the tenth of January. There are no Easter holidays, but the summer holidays begin on the tenth of May for public schools, and on the first of May

for high schools. The school year consists of one hundred and eighty-five days.

The university at Helsingfors ranks among the finest in the world, and gives the student a more thorough education than universities of greater size and wealth in many other countries.

Finland, a country with a small population, hopes, by giving its youth a thorough education, to become one of the strongest nations in the world.

KAUKO SALO

In Poland

Education in Poland is free and compulsory. A fine is imposed on truants. Their Junior Schools differ from ours in that they have six classes instead of our eight. Religion, literature, and arithmetic are taught. Special attention is given to the History of Europe.

Those completing the junior school and wishing to continue their education may do so by attending institutions which correspond to our High Schools. Higher mathematics, history, languages, and science are taught at these schools. Special training may also be received leading directly to a career. The principal courses are commercial, domestic, and Civil Service.

There are six large universities in Poland, located at Warsaw, Lodz, Krakow, Lublin, Fosen, and Vilna. Military training is a subject in all universities.

Before the World War there was a great deal of illiteracy in Poland; in fact, in 1906 only 30 p.c. of the people could read and write. When Paderewski took over the office of Prime Minister he co-operated closely with the Educational Committee of the League of Nations, with the result that now educational standards in Poland are on par with those elsewhere in Europe.

ANASTASIA WOJCIECHOWSKI, C2

In Lithuania

In the great continent of Europe, north of Poland, bordering on the Baltic Sea, is a small country known as Lithuania. Russia at one time ruled her. Then the Czar forbade the teaching of all languages but Russian and the use of Lithuanian books. The Lithuanian boys and girls almost forgot their own

language. During the Great War Lithuania declared her independence and set up a republican government of her own. In the schools her native language was again taught to the children. It was a great joy to the parents that the language of their forefathers should not die with them. A new school system was set up. The school system includes elementary, high, and military schools and colleges.

A pupil spends four years in an elementary school. He is taught arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, reading, literature, composition and writing. Sometimes he is punished for not doing his work. Maybe he is strapped or kept after school. Maybe he has to kneel with bare knees on beans! How would you boys and girls like to kneel on beans? Thus he passes his school days from September till June.

Now if you were to tour the city of Kaunas, the capital of Lithuania, you would notice a large red brick building four stories high. You would see a large clock set in the wall and you would also notice the French windows with flower-boxes on the window sills. You would look at the trim flowers in the centre of the lawn and at the large trees almost as high as the building. You would see many marble steps leading to the entrance of the building. On each side of the steps would be two large statues of lions. Should you walk up the steps and go through the arched doorway into the building, you would say, "Why, this looks like a school!" It is the High School.

The High School has, besides classrooms, an auditorium, a gymnasium, and a library. There are lockers set in the wall for each pupil. The Hall floors are made of marble. Marble stairs lead to the next floor. The rooms are very high and have wooden floors. Here a pupil attends for eight years. His first five years' work is the same as ours. During the last three years it equals that taken in our colleges. In these three years he studies in different rooms—rooms having long tables for every four or five pupils. He studies our university subjects, and takes many languages. These are Lithuanian, German, English, Latin, French and Russian. He attends each day from nine till four o'clock. Every two hours, he has a fifteen minute recess.

For each subject he has one hour and he takes the same subject twice in a week. As in our schools, his school year is divided into terms, and like us he has to write examinations.

There are certain school customs, however, different from ours. The teacher comes to the room and all pupils have to stand up till they are told to sit down. The girls wear black, pleated skirts with a black blouse, topped with a white collar. They wear berets with a star. The boys wear black trousers and peaked caps. The star is the school emblem.

For sports they do exercises in the gymnasium. In summer the gymnasium classes—even other classes—are taken outside. The pupils play badminton and tennis. The boys do not play hockey or rugby because, some time ago, too many accidents occurred, and these games were forbidden. They swim a great deal, since there is a lake behind the school grounds. Other of their sports are running and jumping. Boys and girls are taught dancing and singing. The school has its own string orchestra.

Lithuania is giving her pupils a broad education that they may be worthy of their country.

NELLIE PLIOPLAS

In Ukraine

Let's go to school with Ivan and Boris. Ivan wants to be a doctor, and Boris has chosen the easier vocation of priesthood.

They are both sent to the same public school where, in addition to reading, writing, art, geography and history, they are taught the Russian language. After spending three years together at the same school, Ivan and Boris part, for although, Ivan's vocation requires only three years of primary education, Boris must remain six years for a better training in the elementary subjects.

When Ivan is sent off to high school, Boris remains behind to complete his six grades, and is then sent to a seminary. Here, for four years he is taught religion and five languages: Latin, German, Greek, Russian and Polish. Like all Ukrainian boys, he finds Latin the most difficult.

Meanwhile, Ivan is toiling away at high school. He attends school six mornings a week, from eight to one o'clock. He has five,

one-hour periods every day with ten minutes off each for recess. He has to work hard to get his twelve subjects a year, but he admits that he likes going to school, for, throughout the eight-hour course, he is taught music, art and military training. He can always speak proudly of his school choir, and orchestra, and of its well trained student "army." Although Ivan loves his religion as much as Boris does, he is content with being taught it three times a week.

Five years after Ivan has finished his high school course, we see him, a well-known physician, talking of old times to Father Boris . . .

Now that we have been with Ivan and Boris—I wonder if you would like to attend school in Ukraine?

HELEN ANDRUCHUCK

In Soviet Russia

The children in Soviet Russia begin school younger than we do here in Canada. There are schools for children from three to six years of age. These schools are really creches. Here nurses and doctors take care of the children who play games and play with toys. Since most of the mothers work in Soviet Russia, a mother gives her child to the children's creches. After her work the mother may take her child home for the night, and may bring it back to the creches in the morning. In this way the children and creches are supported by the government.

When a child is six years of age he goes to a primary school. The subjects which he studies are similar to those studied in Canada. However, there are differences in school practice. A child must have no homework and must not be strapped. The student goes to school four days and the fifth day is a holiday. The pupils elect their own school class committee and the teacher just acts as an advisor. The parents are allowed to visit the class rooms to see how the children are taught. Older children about twelve years of age help directly to build industry. They go to some factory and work about two hours every day and get the same pay for the two hours as an adult worker. The children get free tickets to theatres and concerts. They are taken to museums and on excursions to factories and mines. They get free dinners

and suppers in the schools, and the schools are supported by the government, which also erects the buildings. They have large libraries and also gymnasia for the pupils. There are no examinations; the students are promoted according to their year's work. They receive one month's holiday and are sent at the expense of the government to summer resorts or wherever they wish to go.

When he graduates from Public Schools the child goes to a secondary school such as a High, Technical, or Vocational School. He is taught the same subjects as here in Ontario, and also Political Economy, Marxism and Lenin's Theory. He even receives wages from the government to maintain himself in addition to a month's holiday with wages at any place he chooses. He has no examinations and is promoted on his year's work. If a student graduates from Secondary School he may go to the University. If not he is given a position by the government.

In the universities he pursues the same courses as in Canada. He not only devotes time to study, but also practises the profession he intends to enter. This may be law, teaching, or engineering. He receives wages according to his needs.

An Italian Country School

The school is situated near the market-place of a village in Northern Italy, and children are hurrying toward it. The boys are wearing black knee-length stockings, greyish-green breeches, black shirts, and black "fets," or hats with long tassels, which hang down the middle of their foreheads. Yellow and red neckerchiefs are knotted about their necks. The girls are wearing black skirts, white blouses, and hats resembling berets which also have long tassels.

Soon the ringing of a hand-bell is heard, and the children hurry into the two-roomed school. The girls go into one room, the boys into the other. Desks are placed in twos close together, and with only a small space between them. The teacher's desk is at the front, and there is only one large movable blackboard in the room. On the walls hang pictures of the saints, the royal family, and a picture of Il Duce.

Religion, reading, writing, history, geo-

graphy, art and arithmetic are studied in this Italian School, text books being provided for all subjects. Lead pencils are used for art, and pen and ink for notes.

Sometimes the pupils misbehave, and the teacher either sends them back home, or hits them over the knuckles with a bamboo rod, which is also used as a pointer. But they are usually very attentive, for their parents are very strict.

In the morning and afternoon they are given fifteen minutes' recess, such as we have here. During these recesses the boys play football, leapfrog and other games. The younger girls play about in their part of the school yard, while the older girls sew, or do other hand work, not because they are forbidden to play, but because they are brought up to be useful.

Every month each pupil receives a "pagella" or report card, showing the marks for the month and his standing in class. For these "pagellas" they have to pay five lire a year.

In Italy schools are supported by the community, and the Italian children have to go to school until they are fourteen years old. Sunday is a holiday, but instead of having Saturday free, as we have, they have Thursday. There are three months' holidays during the summer, beginning at the end of June. During September they have another holiday, because the children usually help in gathering the harvest.

Women teachers may teach even though they become wives and mothers. When they reach the age of fifty they are pensioned for life.

This is a brief description of an Italian School.

In Syria

The schools of Syria are much the same as those of Canada.

They begin school at eight o'clock in the morning, and get out at twelve o'clock. Then they go back at one o'clock in the afternoon and stay till six.

Part of the morning is spent at Arithmetic. Then they get ten minutes off for recess. After recess they have Catechism and History, Geography and other subjects. The pupils read the history and geography from

text-books. After dinner the teacher asks them questions on what they read in their text-books and explains any difficulties. One hour in the afternoon is reserved for the girls to sew, do fancywork or needlework, and for the boys to do carpentry, repair shoes, make jewelry, or do whatever they wish. After this they read books. Then the last half-hour is spent in praying.

The classrooms are arranged the same as they are in Canada. The pupils go up to the blackboard to work out their Arithmetic problems. The teachers and instructors are usually men, and they do not believe in "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

In French schools they teach French and Arabic, and in English schools they teach English and Arabic.

The pupils have holidays at Christmas, Easter, and in Summer. There is a school in every rural district.

From public school they go to "High School," and then to "College" or "University."

DOROTHY ABRAHAM

In Roumania

Schools in Roumania are different from those in Canada. A child begins primary school at the age of seven, and takes either a four or a six-year course, according to his percentage. If his percentage, the first four years is good, he misses the last two classes and goes to High School. If it is not good, he takes the full course.

The course consists of Grammar, the History of Roumania, Geography of Europe, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, Composition, Hygiene and Zoology. Zoology is taken only as it applies to the domestic animals. Spelling and Literature are not taught, for the language is very simple, and easy to understand, but the Roumanian Orthodox religion is taught from the Bible.

The school hours are from nine to twelve, and from two to four. The school term is like ours, from September to June. These hours and this term, are for all the children, no matter how small they are.

In small schools, the first and second year subjects are taught in one room, the third and fourth in another, and the fifth and sixth in another. If the number of students is

very small, the third, fourth, fifth and sixth year subjects are taught in one room. Each room has its own teacher. Boys and girls are together, but outside they never play together. There are two playgrounds—one for the boys and one for the girls.

A pupil enters secondary school either after his fourth or sixth year in the primary school. The secondary school course is eight years, lower schools consisting of four years, and upper school of four also. The course in a Normal School, a Business College and in a Technical School is also eight years long, and a pupil may enter any of these schools after he has finished the primary school.

In any of these secondary schools, the boys and girls are never together. They are in different schools and only see each other on their vacations. Each eats and sleeps at his school. The girls never leave the school grounds unless their parents come to take them for a walk; the boys may leave for a given time with the principal's permission.

The first year of the secondary course consists of Roumanian Grammar, French and German Grammar and Composition; Geography of Europe and of the world, Zoology, Agriculture, History of Roumania, History of the Orthodox Religion, Ancient History, Botany and Geometry. The subjects in the second year are Modern World History, Geography, French, German and Roumanian Grammar and Composition, Chemistry, Arithmetic and Geometry. The third year the subjects are the same as those of the se-

cond year with the addition of Latin and Literature, and the fourth year subjects are the same as the third.

In the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth year Literature, Algebra, English, Greek, Trigonometry, and Latin, French, and Roumanian Grammar and Composition are taught. Singing and music are taught every year. The pupils in the eighth form finish their term in July and try a set of examinations in August. This set consists of all the subjects taken in the secondary school course. If a student passes in all the subjects according to the marking scheme, he may go to University; if he has gone to a Normal School he is ready to teach.

The marking scheme in Roumanian Schools is from one to ten, while ours is from one to one hundred. Ten is considered very good and sufficient, six, sufficient, five between sufficient and insufficient, and four is considered poor. Above five is a pass and below five is a failure.

The teachers mark the papers as ours do here, and each teacher teaches her own subjects. Sometimes there is more than one teacher for the same subject. Sometimes the school hours are from nine to twelve and from three to five. Sometimes they are from nine to one; then there is no school in the afternoon. On these afternoons the boys may take Boy Scout work; the girls may follow the Girl Guide programme; and both boys and girls may take part in choral singing or in gymnasium work.

LAURA VARTENUIK

Scene II: "THE 150-FOOT LEVEL"

Un Voyage dans les Alpes

Les Alpes! N'est-ce pas que ce mot nous fait rêver?

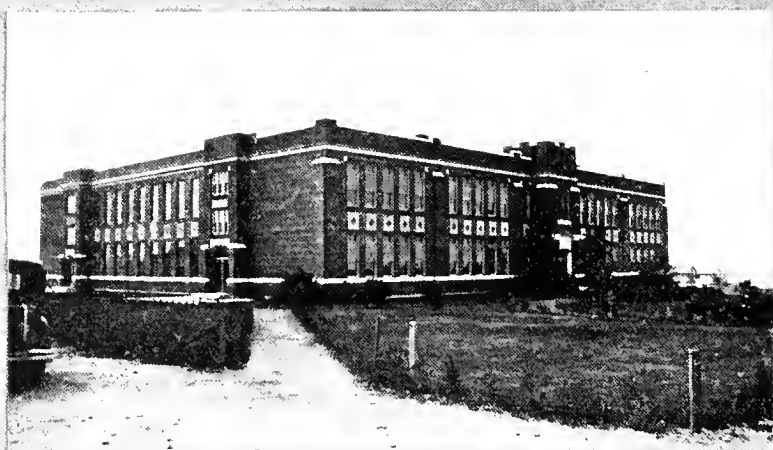
Aussi je vous invite à vous transporter avec moi dans le plus bel hôtel de St. Moritz. Ce bel hôtel est situé au pied d'une haute montagne couverte de neige et voisine du Mont Blanc dont vous avez tant de fois entendu parler. C'est le rendez-vous, et en même temps le lieu de repos du millionnaire américain et de sa fille, du prince et de la princesse, du roi et de la reine.

Quelle belle journée! Il n'est que neuf

heures du matin et chaque groupe d'amis est prêt à partir en excursion.

Mais qu'est-ce que ce traîneau fait là-bas? Sans doute, il est apprêté pour une grande dame. Justement! Je vois la princesse de B. monter dans ce joli traîneau attelé de six chevaux. N'est-ce pas qu'elle est jolie dans son beau manteau d'ermine? Son frère le prince et le comte de M. se placent près d'elle, tandis que trois autres personnes de noblesse s'installent dans le siège d'en arrière.

D'autres groupes s'en vont, glissant sur leurs skis. On entend le rire et le bavardage



des gais skieurs. Oup! ils partent. Ils sont déjà loin et l'on n'entend encore l'écho de leur bavardage et l'aboïement de leurs chiens fidèles.

Quel beau pays! Je souhaite à tous mes amis un long séjour dans les Alpes.

Quant à moi, je m'y transporte souvent quand je m'abandonne au pays des rêves!

MARGUERITE THERIAULT

2A

Les anges ont des ailes

Pour planer au chevêt des enfants
endormis;

Pour emporter, du fond des splendeurs
éternelles,

Des auréoles d'or à leurs petits amis,

Les anges ont des ailes!

(CHARLES GILL, 1871-1918)

Le Jour de l'An

De toutes les fêtes canadiennes-françaises, le Jour de l'An est la plus joyeuse et, pour la plupart, la plus mémorable.

Pour les petits enfants, c'est le jour des étrennes. Quelle que soit la fortune de nos familles canadiennes, le père et la mère trouvent toujours moyen de ne pas laisser vides les bas que l'on accroche à la cheminée, le veille de ce grand jour. Les chers petits trouvent bien longue cette dernière nuit de l'année qui finit. Couchés dans leurs petits lits, ils, voient déjà, en rêve, les magnifiques cadeaux que le réveil va leur apporter. Dès l'aube, ils seront debout, et visiteront les bas où le petit Jésus aura déposé toutes ces belles et bonnes choses.

Pour les adolescents, le Jour de l'An est non seulement le jour des étrennes, mais aussi, l'excellente occasion de témoigner à leurs chers parents toute l'affection filiale qui leur est due. C'est aussi ce jour-là qu'ils prient avec plus de ferveur pour que leurs parents vivent des jours de santé et de bonheur pendant l'année nouvelle.

Et le Jour de l'An des pères et mères de familles! Qui pourra dire tous les souvenirs que cette fête leur rappelle? C'est à l'aurore de la nouvelle année que le père, en bénissant ses fils, et ses filles, demande au Créateur de les conserver toujours dans l'étroit sentier de l'honneur et de la vertu. Et la mère, ce jour-là, saura montrer plus de tendresse à ceux qui occupent tant de place dans son cœur.

Voilà pourquoi la fête du Jour de l'An fut et demeurera toujours la fête, par excellence de nos foyers canadiens.

MADELEINE SAUVE.

Autour du Foyer

C'est l'hiver—le soir I tout dort—Dans les étables les animaux repus sommeillent sur la paille fraîche. Une faible clarté filtre à travers les vitres d'une maisonnette dont toutes les issues sont hermétiquement closes.

Tout est calme à l'intérieur de cette petite demeure. Une douce lueur provenant de l'âtre se reflète sur les visages des quelques personnes réunies dans la pièce. Le père, affaissé dans une vaste bergère, parcourt le journal tout en tirant de sa grosse pipe, des bouffées de fumée bleue. Parfois, il relève la tête pour contempler un instant le spectacle que lui offre sa famille réunie. Cette scène toute familiale réjouit son cœur de père. La maman, confortablement installée dans une berceuse, dortotte un tout petit enfant qui semble déjà sommeiller. En face d'eux, une petite fille aux boucles blondes et un garçonnet d'environ cinq ans prennent un vif intérêt à faire rouler des billes sur la parquet. Retiré un peu à l'écart des autres membres de la famille, mais aussi près de l'âtre, l'ainé des trois autres enfants, un adolescent d'apparence robuste se laisse aller à une profonde torpeur qui n'est, certes, pas le sommeil mais bien une rêverie douce qui conduit l'âme vers des régions inconnues.

De temps à autre, les petits poussent des cris de joie. Alors, le jeune rêveur secoue énergiquement la tête comme pour en chasser une idée importune. Mais, gagné de nouveau par la bienfaisante chaleur de la pièce, il ne tarde pas à s'enfoncer plus profondément dans l'épaisseur moelleuse des coussins, afin de poursuivre le rêve un instant interrompu.

Le père se lève lentement, comme à regret, et remet une bûche de bouleau sec sur le feu qui menace de s'éteindre. Les yeux largement ouverts, les personnes regardent se consumer le bois dans l'âtre. Les flammes, tantôt rouges, vertes, ou bleues s'élancent joyeusement dans la grande cheminée et semblent murmurer tout-bas quelque mystérieux refrain.

Oh! qu'ils sont heureux ces êtres au coin du feu, oubliant durant la soirée, les fatigues

et les tracassés du jour! Avec délices, ils savourèrent l'immense bonheur d'être tous réunis autour du foyer.

L'heure avance rapidement. Et pendant qu'au dehors la neige tombe mollement, pen-

dant que dans la cheminée, achèvent de se consumer les bûches de bouleau, le père, la mère et les enfants se prosternent, et, unissant leurs voix, implorent le Tout-Puissant, à qui ils doivent leur bien-être.

LUCIENNE LABELLE.

Scene III: "THE 600-FOOT LEVEL"

German

German, as you no doubt know, is the language spoken by the Germans. It was created by them for the purpose of communicating with one another.

It is composed of beautiful conjugations and declensions which we frequently mix with Latin. It likewise possesses excellent subjunctives. These are especially delightful because their usage resembles that of neither English nor Latin.

On September the sixth, A.D., nineteen hundred and thirty-four, I took a momentous step and embarked on my study of German. Allah had decreed it, and, what is written is written. I took German for two reasons. The first was that it is useful in the engineering course which I hope to enter some day; the other, that I wish to be able to speak German.

Already, I have found the formation of the words most interesting. "Nineteen hundred and thirty-five is written 'neunzehnhundertfünfunddreissig.'" "Freigebig," the word for generous, is literally "free-giving." Thus, by knowing a few simple words, numerous compounds may be developed.

By learning the elementary forms and combining them I hope one day to be able to communicate in German even as the Germans.

JAMES JEREMIAH CLARKE

Eine Vorschrift

"Fritz" sagte ein pomphafter Gutsbesitzer an einem alten Landarbeiter: "Du bist sehr gebogen. Weshalb stehst du nicht aufrecht wie ich?"

"Mein Herr" antwortete Fritz, "Sehen Sie das Kornfeld druben?" "Ja" erwiderte der Gutsbesitzer.

"Also werden Sie bemerken, dass die vollen Haupte unten hängen, aber die leeren Haupte aufrecht stehen.

Contributed by ELLEN HARKNESS

Humor

Zwei Augen, Ach! zwei Augen
Die haben es gemacht,
Dass ich seit jenem Abend
Kein Auge zugemacht.

Zwei Augen, Ach! zwei Augen
Die liegen mir im Sinn
Seit jenem Sonntag Abend
Ist meine Ruh' dahin.

Zwei Augen, Ach! zwei Augen
Die sind mir stets bewusst
Es sind . . . zwei Hühneraugen
An meinem linken Fuss.

Contributed by ARTHUR WALTER

Scene IV: "THE 800-FOOT LEVEL"

"Non omnis moriar, multaque mei vitabit libitinam."

—Horace

The Bimillennium Horatianum

65 B.C.—1935 A.D.

"I shall not wholly die but a great part of my being shall escape the grave."

In these prophetic words, Horace challenged Time, the great destroyer; and al-

though two thousand years have passed, Horace and his poetry still live on. With sure skill, he had indeed "erected his monument more enduring than brass", for he intended his poetical works to keep his name alive.

The lasting fame that Horace has gained

is chiefly due to the simplicity of his homespun philosophies. He had no new doctrine to teach and no great epic to relate, yet his works have earned for him universal favour. His genial expression of commonplace truths has appealed to the simple-hearted, everyday people of all ages.

This year marks the Bimillennium Horatianum and lovers of the classics in every country have made adequate preparation to

honour the great event. The most important of the celebrations will be a pilgrimage to Horace's beloved Italy to visit the places immortalized in lyric poetry by the bard of Venusia.

Horace's tomb on the Esquiline Hill is marked by a simple monument, but throughout the entire world his verses stand as an everlasting cenotaph.

J. R. McKENNA



Closed shall the Portals of Warfare be,
With bolts and bars full dread to see;
Impious Fury, chained within,
Shall strain at the knots with awful din;
Enthroned on weapons with iron tips,
A god, with hideous blood-stained lips.
(A verse translation from Virgil)

J. MUNRO

Trillus et Formicae

Trillus erat hilarus et per agros totum diem cecinit. Formicae autem omnem aetatem diligenter laborabant et magnam copiam cibi comparabant. Cum autumnus venisset, omnis messis facta est et folii ab arboribus ceciderunt. Nix erat tam alta ut grillus fere humaretur.

Per agros dolenter progrediebatur; tum murmure audito, in ostium arboris ivit. Ibi formicae, omni labore confecto, festos dies habebant. Regina, misericordia permota grillum intra invitavit, et cibum dedit; sed monuit ut diligentius postera aestate laboraret.

MADELEINE SAUVE



Rumour

She's a spiteful creature
With keen ears
That are always open
Till she hears.

Countless as her feathers
Are her eyes
Which keep ceaseless outlook
As she flies.

GERALDINE L. BEAUDIN

Inquisitio

In nostro ludo est horribile monstrum quod est maximum et acerrimum et Inquisitio appellatur. Magnam partem anni in mente principis se abdit. Sed ter in anno solvitur et in cameras se ejicit. Omnes discipulos terret; difficites res roga complures quarum non etiam intellegunt. Cum Inquisitis ab principe revocata est magnopere omnes gaudent.

JOE GREENBERG

Three Little Pigs Do Not Speak Pig Latin

I was interested in reading that a little girl in Johannesburg has translated the "Three Little Pigs" into Latin, in a play called "Tres Parvae Porcae." Let's hope that Pluto will allow it to be shown in shadow pictures before the Romans in Hades.

Her translation of the chorus, "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" is "Magnum malum lupum quis timet? Quis timet? Quis timet?"

Magnum malum lupum quis timet? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down" becomes "Sufflabo! Agitabo! Anhelabo! Expirabo! atque casam devastabo!"

ROSS SERVICE

Caesar Averts a Panic in the Roman Army

One summer day, while Caesar was having a well-deserved rest, he was suddenly awakened by the murmur of many voices. These voices belonged to the soldiers of the trusted Tenth Legion and were raised against the other legions because of their fright and their disloyalty to Caesar.

Caesar arose hurriedly and went to see the cause of the commotion. A trusted centurion answered him, "Imperator, the men of the newly enlisted legions have been frightened by the ideas put into their heads by the Gauls and merchants of the town."

Caesar's expression did not change.

The centurion continued, "These men have exaggerated the size and valour of the Ger-

mans and the new men have believed them."

Caesar understood the situation then. His enemies in Rome had sent hirelings to spread reports of the alarming size and extraordinary valour of the Germans.

Caesar did not hesitate; he had the commanders and chief centurions of the legions assembled before him. "The Germans have often been beaten by the Helvetians whom we have already conquered," said Caesar.

A cheer arose from one section of the meeting.

"Tomorrow night at the fourth watch, I will strike camp," he continued, "and if you and your men do not wish to follow, I will advance with one legion only—the Tenth—whose loyalty I do not question."

A breathless silence reigned; then a spokesman said, "We will go with you, Imperator."

Cheer after cheer arose from the whole assembly.

The centurions withdrew to instil the new confidence into the hearts of the fighting men.

Once again Caesar had foiled the plans of his enemies, and once again sent the Eagles in triumph into new fields of conquest.

SAM HABIB, Form III

The Seven Kings of Rome

The Romans, as we all well know
Lived in the days of long ago;
Their language has come down to me,
To learn from 2.20 to three.

The Romans had just seven kings,
To manage their affairs and things.
Romulus, war and bloodshed saw;
Numa was lord of peace and law.

Tullus lov'd lights and blood and lust,
Avcus let shields and weapons rust;
Tarquin, the Elder, ruled, the fifth,
Servius reigned, a man of thrift.

Tarquin, the Proud, the worst and last,
Was from the city boldly cast.
Then they were ruled by leading men.
So ends the verse from off my pen.

ETHEL BATEMAN

"CHANGE OF SHIFT—1st"

School Days

(Under the "Staggered" System)

Year—1935 (January)

Place—Somewhere South of Hudson Bay.

Temperature—40° below.

Time—7.30 a.m.

In the cold and dreary winter months,

We slowly wend our way,

Towards the old red school-house,

Before the break of day.

And with our lanterns in our hands,

Through the drifts we go,

A-looking for the footpath

Beneath the drifting snow.

And with our books beneath our arms,

We grumble and we yawn,

As we stumble to the classroom

Ere the coming of the dawn.

There is one question in our minds

As we reach the classroom door:

"Shall we be one of the lucky ones

And get away at four?"

But when the day is ended,

Our joy is hard to tame,

And with happy hearts we start for home

Much faster than we came.

A FELLOW-SUFFERER

"And So Ad Infinitum"

(A school drama in several scenes, only one of which is given).

Mr. M.—Rita, have you written 500 lines for me, "I must not talk"—in ink?

Rita—Yes, sir.

Mr. M.—Bring them to me.

(Interval. Rita takes them to the desk—another interval—a silence—then:)

Mr. M.—Listen to this, class! "I must not talk in ink." "I must not talk in ink." "I must not . . . ' !!!

Curtain

Student—Clark is a bright boy, isn't he?

Rowlandson—O yes, he is a remarkably bright boy; we call him sonny.

Mary Were you in a jam this morning, Sheila?

Sheila (absently)—Yes, it was raspberry.

Miss Briffet—Langdon, show me your homework.

Langdon—Yes, Miss Briffet, here it is.

Miss Briffet—It's all right then; but if you didn't have it I'd want to see it.

Pat—Do you notice the Roman frown I am cultivating?

Mike—Yes—its roamin' all over your face.

Scene V: "THE 6000-FOOT LEVEL"

"Man is part of a changeful web of life, in the fashioning of which he shares . . . The success of his weaving depends on his understanding."

Sir J. Arthur Thomson, in "Biology for Everyman"

Society Notes of the Sixteenth Century

(Copied from the columns of the London Chronicle and translated into twentieth-century journalese)

Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, appeared at the opening of Parliament on January 15, 1589, in a beautiful gown of rich wine-coloured velvet. The sleeves were studded with pearls and beautifully embroidered. At the neck, was a ruffle of fine lace. She also wore a diamond necklace and tiara, and many beautiful rings.

May 2, 1588—A gay and hilarious party was

held at Kenilworth Castle over the week-end, by the Earl of Leicester, in honour of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. The great halls and rooms of the castle were brightly decorated with beautiful flowers, and the whole castle was the scene of merriment and laughter.

May 2, 1588—Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Varney and Sir Blount were knighted by Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle.

November 30, 1588—One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place at Cumnor Place, where Miss Janet Foster and Mr. Way-

land Smith were married at 10 a.m. The lovely bride wore a gown of pale blue silk with frills of net, delicately embroidered. She carried a beautiful bouquet of talisman roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

After the ceremony, a dainty luncheon was served to the intimate friends and relatives of the happy young couple.

The young couple left by stage coach for London, where they will spend their honeymoon.

December 2, 1588—Sir and Lady Auckland Geddes entertained at a ball in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

The costumes of the hundreds of guests displayed a gorgeous array of colours and costly jewels. The costume of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth outshone the others, as it was of gold moire trimmed with ermine. Her beautiful pearl necklace and earrings, and her many beautiful rings and bracelets, made Queen Elizabeth more beautiful than ever.

January 3, 1589—Howard D. Greenshields, the son of the Honourable H. D. Greenshields, left for Oxford to attend Merton College.

BARBARA LOWE

Scene VI: "THE 750-FOOT LEVEL"

"It has occurred to me that one might define Art as: an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life."
—George Gissing

Why We Study Art

No society, however rudimentary, has altogether ignored art. This statement is justified by relics of primitive man which have been unearthed, and which show that when he shaped tools for his use, he also decorated them. The cave-dweller of the long, long ago engraved and painted on the walls of his cave the animals to which he was most accustomed—reindeer, horses, bison, and many others.

The cave-dweller might have drawn his crude sketches because he found pleasure in so doing, or perhaps they were drawn from a sense of religious duty. Whatever his motives might have been, we, to-day, have many reasons why we should study art.

The study of art trains us to see beauty in form and colour, and to appreciate more fully the wonderful colours of flowers, the matchless hues of the rainbow and sunset—the work of the Great Artist—Nature, whom sometimes we so crudely try to imitate.

If the study of art, then, develops our love

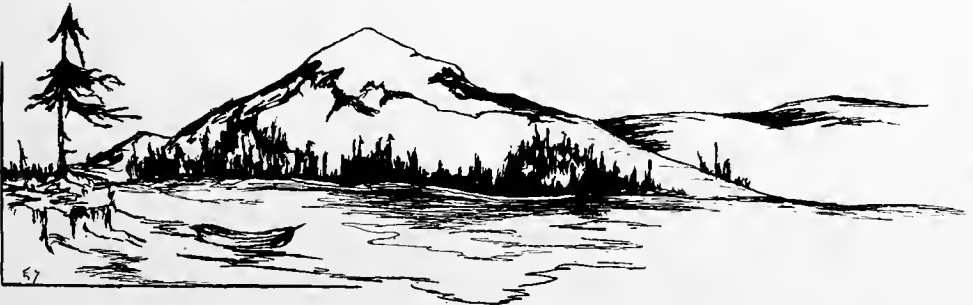
of the beautiful, it has helped to mould our characters and enrich our lives; because no person can love and appreciate the beauties of nature without being the better for it.

Then there is the creative desire which art helps to foster in us. How thrilled we are when we make our first little sketch, be it ever so crude!

Utility, also, has a place in our study of art. The girl who appreciates her study of colour schemes, will understand better how to choose her spring costumes, or to decorate her home. A boy, from his knowledge of perspective, is able to do his wood-working much better, and, later to draft sketches for building purposes.

But I think the chief reason of all why we should study art, is that we may develop a knowledge of art appreciation, and thus be better able to see, feel, understand, and enjoy the beauties of nature in the world round about us.

PHYLLIS McCONNELL, Form I





A Message to Science Students of T. H. & V. S.

*from Mr. E. L. Longmore, Superintendent of Surface Workings
Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines*

The fundamentals which underlie real and lasting success are, character, judgment, average mental ability, imagination and sustained enthusiasm.

Character includes integrity and steadfastness of purpose, the courage to face disagreeable facts and hostile opinions, the grit and perseverance to overcome obstacles, and the generosity of disposition that induces willing co-operation.

Judgment implies the ability to appraise, to discriminate between things that are of primary and those that are of secondary importance, and by deduction to arrive at sound conclusions.

Mental ability is given third place, because without the two preceding fundamentals, intellect produces little of lasting value. "Average" mental ability is stipulated because a

youth, possessed of an exceptionally keen intellect, finding mental concentration unnecessary is deprived of that discipline which results from diligent mental application alone. Natural brilliance of mind can not compensate for such lack of discipline.

Without imagination no advance is possible. The vision of what might be must precede achievement.

Sustained enthusiasm is necessary to induce the required co-operation without which no work of any magnitude can be accomplished.

Eminence and success are not synonymous terms. The fundamentals enumerated above apply to those achievements which contribute to the general good and not only to the credit of the individual.

E. L. LONGMORE



Scene VII: "THE 1000-FOOT LEVEL"

"Life is not a science, but science is for life."

—Herbert Spencer

Mr. Copper Oxide Entertains

After Cu's marriage to O in the Combustion Tube Church where Heat was the presiding minister, O became very sad when she remembered her first husband Hydrogen. Cu himself was feeling black and pulverized and wanted to have a party to cheer up both.

Now, the best place in which to give that party would be the Beaker Ball Room. But as Cu had met his wife in the Florence Flask Hotel he decided to hold his party there. So

many of his own and O's acquaintances had to be asked that he really didn't know where to begin; but neither his cousin, Miss CuSO_4 nor her friend Miss $\text{Fe}(\text{NO}_3)_2$ must be forgotten.

Miss CuSO_4 was quite thrilled with the thought of a party; only, she would have to wear her old dress and it was such a queer tone—greyish white. The only thing for her to do was wash it. She did very carefully.

To her amazement it turned a most beautiful blue. She was elated and set off happily to the ball.

Miss $\text{Pb}(\text{NO}_3)_2$ had been in much the same difficulty as her friend. Her dress, too, was old and shabby, but her father absolutely refused to buy her a new one. Mrs. Gossip, helpful in every emergency, suggested that she send it to the KI cleaners. Miss $\text{Pb}(\text{NO}_3)_2$ was really astounded at the transformation. Her dress had changed to a glimmering yellow, and it made a very pleasing contrast to her white wig.

The Florence Flask was Fairyland! The crystal gleaming in the light showed all the tints of the rainbow. $\text{Pb}(\text{NO}_3)_2$ was more admired than ever and Miss CuSO_4 was in a whirl of happiness. But before the end of the evening she became very sad. The colour was gradually fading from her gown! She danced harder than ever; but as she danced the colour faded visibly, and to her mortification, all eyes were turned on her. She went home like Cinderella, humiliated and heavy-hearted at the sudden change in her finery,

all unaware that her escort Water was sadly tagging along behind.

For most of his guests Mr. CuO 's party was a very happy one; and when the host saw O's smiling face he was very glad the party had been so successful.

EVELYN LUCAS

Shakespeare Comments on the Lab.

How much doth chemistry enthrall this class!
Here do we sit, and let the sound of symbols
Creep in our ears; test-tubes and crucibles
Begin to rattle with sweet harmony.

Sit, chemists: Look, how the floor of twenty-one

Is thickly stained with vile experiments:
There's not the smallest stain which thou
beholds't

But of sulphuric and explosions sings,
Still quiring to the maz'd, bewildered Fifth;
Such harmony is in the laboratory;
But whilst this sad demand for note-books
neat

Doth clamor loud within, **We Cannot Hear It.**

M. A. E.

Scene VIII: "THE 250-FOOT LEVEL"

"Literature's work with us is to make us awake and aware: and not only
awake and aware, but highly responsive also."

"Great Literature . . . wakes desires you may never forget,
Shows you stars you never saw before."

Our School Library

All the students of our school are very proud of the school library, and most of them are fond of it.

Although the number of books is not as extensive as at the public library, yet the books are so well chosen that, for students, more pleasure and education can be obtained from these few books, than from the larger collection of books at the public library.

How pleasant it is for tired students who have had seven or eight long periods to come to the restful atmosphere of the library! Here, they may read light fiction to rest their tired brains; they may look over some of

the illustrated magazines; or they may read some serious book on science, biography, or travel.

It is very interesting sometimes, to sit back in one's chair and look at the expressions on the faces of students who are reading in our library. Where their minds are travelling one cannot know; but it is certain that they are very far away. So our school library is not only a place where we may rest from text books, but is also the starting point of our voyages through space to distant lands, and of adventures which cannot be ours in any other way.

JACQUES SAUVE



LIBRARIANS

Behind—Miss Carthy, librarian.

Second Row, left to right—Geraldine Beaudin, Dorothy Abraham, Catherine O'Neill, Annie Marshall, Rita Forbes, Jean Scott, Ennie Honkala, Annie Domenico.

Front Row, left to right—Marion Ostrosser, Joyce Chester, Jessie Ramsay, Barbara Lucas, Louise Abraham, Annie Koretz, Muriel Finney (pres.), James Veitch.

Wild Life at Our Doors

"Animals are sub-personalities, sharing with us the mystery of life and mind."

Sir J. Arthur Thomson, in *Biology for Everyman*

Ever since I caught my first pike and brought him home for the family bath-tub, I have been intensely interested in wild animals. My parents fostered this interest and from then on I was allowed to keep as many pets as I wished, provided that I no longer utilized the bath-tub.

When I could swim, my father gave me a little red canoe, and with it the key to the river. I learned to paddle and I believe the prow of my little craft penetrated every hidden waterway within a five-mile radius of the town. Although few people realize it, a swamp is a storehouse of knowledge. To watch a bittern is fascinating. This big water-bird stands as upright and motionless as a stick, seeing everything. A frog swims by; there is a lightning stroke of beak and

a short gulp; the frog disappears and the bittern resumes his motionless posture. The bitterns warn the marsh of the approach of danger, for they are always on guard, these sentries of the sedge flats. Later in the day great blue herons fly to their nests in the trees. How they ever land in a tree is a marvel, for their legs are very long and unsuited for grasping limbs. Their nests are built in hundreds on large trees, the great birds revisiting and repairing these heronries every year.

Beside this particular swamp stood a red-pine forest. Wandering through the pines and listening to the wind singing through the needles was an experience I have never forgotten. Every tree was full of rollicking little chickadees with black-capped heads and im-

puident beady eyes. The chickadee is an acrobat and hangs upside down by one toe, while he picks insects from the bark. Their incessant "chic-a-dee-dee-dee" is very monotonous, but every once in a while some little fellow overflowing with emotion sings his love note, "phoebe" to his mate on the next branch. Suddenly the chickadees cease twittering and the weird loon-like cry of the pileated woodpecker, or "cock-of-the-wood", breaks the stillness. From the top of a lofty pine this red-headed fellow, largest of our woodpeckers, screams his harsh challenge. The chickadees resume their twittering, but it seems to have a different note. The nut-hatches have joined them, and running up and down the trees these slaty-blue fellows add a squeaking intensity to the chattering of the chick-a-dees

One day as I walked out of this forest two great birds rose suddenly from the swamp and flew away on whistling pinions. My heart leapt and missed a beat at the sight of the elusive and wary Canada goose.

Always as I paddled homeward the muskrats ran through the reeds and swam across my path, rippling the water. Often the course of a mink was indicated by a bigger splash and a heavier rippling. At the neck of the swamp and near the creek a pair of wood-ducks could usually be seen, the male swimming and bowing before his indifferent mate. At the end of such a trip I housed my canoe while the red-winged blackbirds flew by overhead. Often I have wished that I were one of them, even if I had to risk the dangers of their carefree life in the swamp.

GEORGE B. DARLING

Nature Study in Switzerland

The Edelweiss is a flower about 4 to 5 inches high. It has very long and strong roots which grow on the rocks and enter into cracks in the rock. In the springtime when the sun is shining on them they seem a very light white colour. The stem is very hard but when it freezes it breaks easily. In the summertime when the juice is in it it is possible that you can bend them and they do not break. So to say, they have very small green leaves with hairs which make them look white. The animals won't eat this because the juice is a very strong odour. The sepals are in the centre of the flower and fall out as soon as it is ripe. It is something like cotton because the seeds have fibres. Their flowers grow always against the sun. The petals are like a star and look like velvet.

The edelweiss is one of the prettiest flower of all Switzerland but it is very hard to get them because they are growing only in the cliffs of the high and snowy mountain. Many men have been killed who wanted to get some, or in the earlier time the eagles and vultures were bad and killed many men too. I never was to get edelweiss in the mountains but I bought the one I have.

In the forest there are others what are as pretty, and around some flowers are made fences, because they are very rare. There are some names here—woodbine, wife-shoe,

wild elder. The people go and they take too much and so the plant in a short time dies out. The forests are very pretty, and there are many roads, and the ones who have not very good lungs can have a morning walk in the fresh morning air. Not only the flowers make the bush pretty but the birds with their wonderful songs. The sick pupils have every year a walk of about ten days in the bush and in the green fields where are cherries, plums and pears, and if they see the farmer they ask him how much he would like to have for a tree of cherries and if it is cheap they go to the tree and fill their stomachs with any kind of fruits they desire.

The flowers which grow in the garden and fields are: snowballs, geraniums, irises, roses, daffodils, tulips, and many more. The vegetables are the most important in Switzerland and here also. The people there eat very many because they grow very well, and so you can see in the evening in the summer many people, after a long hard work, working in their gardens. What I liked the best in our garden was the strawberries and the peaches who are so fresh and juicy. I could not say how many flowers there are, but in my herbarium I had eighty more which are of the rarest plants you can possibly find in Switzerland.

BEN BAUMAN

My Favourite Books

My favourite books are those dealing with ancient Greece and Rome. When I am reading them I feel as if I were the hero in the story, travelling, fighting and worshipping as he did.

The book I enjoy most is called "A Victor of Salamis" by Davis. Through the whole book I pretend that I am Glaucon the hero. The Isthmean games have but begun. Greeks from all over the country have come to see me. They admire my beauty; but feel sorry for me because, although I have entered the games, every one is betting on the Spartan. I enter the jumping contest, the running, javelin and quoit throwing, and win them all. This leaves only the wrestling. It is between the Spartan and me. I can feel the pain as he tries to crush me with his huge arms. I elude him by twisting myself like an eel. Grabbing him by the head I give a sudden twist downward with my arms and drop him like a sack of potatoes. He does not rise and I am acclaimed the new champion of the Isthmean Games. This is the part I enjoy most in this book.

Second to "A Victor of Salamis" is "The Spartan." He is the son of an Athenian

father who is dead, and a Spartan mother. Here again I am the hero. After travelling to many countries for adventure, I return to violet-crowned Athens, my father's city and mine. The Athenians, and even my Spartan mother, believe that I am a traitor; to prove my loyalty I hasten to Thermopylae where the Persians are fighting against the "Three Hundred." I join them in the last fight and for over a week we hold the pass. I am sent to bring a message to Athens, and as I traverse the rocky path I feel that something is the matter with me. A fierce pain is swelling my face and eyes. I am unable to see and unable to walk. Then I know that I am ill, almost to death. My servant looks after me and although I try to reach the battlefield again to die like a Spartan, I am unable. The illness lasted for weeks. At last I am well again and able to use my armour. I keep away from Athens, but join an Athenian army against the Persians. In the battle I distinguished myself so much that I am brought to Athens in triumph.

There are a few other books that I like to read, imagining myself the hero; but these two are my favourites.

GEORGE ANDRUCHUCK

The Fire

"The fire is coming on, smacking its lips greedily over the rich harvest of beautiful trees it is reaping. Like hungry tongues, its flames suck everything into that inferno. In a few minutes they will be upon us."

"Twenty-six of us are in the Hollinger shaft. We came to work this morning because we thought that the fire had burned itself out; but an unkind wind is fanning the glowing coals into living flame which is leaping towards us as if it were human.

"Two of us have run for refuge to the lake at the foot of the hill, but the foreman thinks it wiser to stay in the shaft until the fire goes past; so the rest of us are staying with him."

"The fire is almost upon us now; so we are going into the shaft-house to shut ourselves in. The foreman is worrying about the two men who would not stay with us."

"We are in the shaft-house. It is growing

hotter and hotter. Smoke is creeping in through the cracks about the door! We realize our danger. We shall not be burned alive—but we may suffocate, cooped up as we are! . . . We are going to open the door and make a dash for the lake."

"We couldn't get through—the flames were too thick! The shaft-house is now full of smoke! We are lying on the floor to get what little air there is . . . The fire is almost around us now . . . I can feel myself being scorched! . . . The panes of glass have fallen out of the window frames. The smoke is pouring in . . . I am gasping for breath . . . The youngest of our number—a lad of seventeen, is rushing to the foreman screaming, 'You murderer! We could all have been safe in the lake by now!' Precious breath is wasted grappling with him and throwing him into a corner . . . he is lying there moaning."

"The blood is pounding at my temples . . .



Courtesy of A. Tomkinson

I must have air! If I ever get out of this alive I shall be thankful for every breath I take. Life seems so sweet, now . . . I don't want to die!" . . . "A young Salvation Army officer is praying near me. Memories are rushing back—clear—agonizing . . . Every-

thing is growing black . . . I can't stick it out any longer . . . I must, though . . . I . . ."

We found them the next morning. Near the hand of one poor victim, charred but decipherable, I found this story of how Death came to them.

JAMES VEITCH

The Pursuer

Through the frosty morning air crept the first rosy fingers of Dawn. Sleeping creatures that felt her touch become like fire sparks; they jumped, twittered, and in their own dialect sang for sheer joy that the day was to be bright and sunny.

When Dawn had awakened those lusty fellows, she stretched her fingers out further and tapping lightly on a shuttered window, disturbed a young lad's sunny dreams. But up he bounded with no grudge against his early disturber. He leaned over the bed and, pulling off the bedclothing, disclosed (in peaceful slumber) another boy, his chum, who was about his age. "My, what a thoughtless fellow he is," thought the early bird, and nudging the sleeping fellow, woke him with a start. "Must I always be reminding you of forgotten ideas?" was the intruder's only remark. There was no answer from the bed, but a knowing look came over the sleepy one, and, before you could say "Jack Robinson!" both lads were trudging their way through the early morn to set their first boyhood traps.

"Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!" Their heavy lumber-jack, hobnailed shoes sank but two inches in the crusty snow. The dome that was once an endless blue with Dawn's warm fingers caressing it, now became a mass of dirty, greyish, colours. A slight breeze, as delicate as a fleeing fawn, fanned the woods. But soon the fawn had passed, and its pursuer, in its rage, shook the bare tree limbs, whirled the fallen snow about the trunks of the trees, and made the poplars bend their slender length to him and plead. But not satisfied with humility, he roared on, avenging himself on everything that was quiet. Down came the soft snowflakes, and seeing something else to terrify, the wind shook them about and bumped them together. Soon they were helpless in his power.

The two young lads, sensing a change, quickened their speed. The wind tore at them, pulled at their caps, blew open their coats and sent snow flying into their already cold faces. By sheer luck these two poor lads stumbled on a ruined shack. Having brought no fuel with them, they sat on the

cold, cracked floor to wait for the blizzard to die down.

In the humble village on the outskirts of the woods, the people remained in their cosy houses. Small children with eager, curious faces peeped out at the menace. It forced down wood piles, broke lines, played roughly with open doors and sent the smoke rolling about.

At dawn everything was quiet. Piles and

piles of snow were banked up on every structure. Not a sound in the village broke the stillness. Everything was asleep. The rosy fingers of Dawn again tapped lightly on the barred window of a ruined shack. No stirring inside was heard.. Again she tapped—this time more distinctly. But neither she nor anyone could break the sleep into which those two young trappers had gone. The blizzard had won again!

OLIVE VIENOTTE

Winter Evenings at Home

When the sun rides high in the sky, and lets her skirts float over the earth, then distant places call me and I long to roam. But when the moon comes with her star-spangled skirts of black, then home is the place for me.

I have always loved our evenings at home, but especially do I love our winter evenings. For the cold seems to drive us closer together, and the fire crackles a mighty welcome. We have a big family, four boys and two girls, and the sweetest little mother God could give a family. There is one big chair, immediately in front of the stove. It is my father's. Mother used to tell us that he had gone to a far happier place to live, and that we should not cry, but be happy. But often at night, I see her eyes turn to the one empty chair.

But in spite of the ache which I now realize is always in mother's heart, I know that we have made her happy. My oldest brother, who is the eldest child, is only twenty-one, and so none of the brood has left mother yet. The old farm still rings to the laughter of young voices, and the little school-house down the way still harbours three of our children. Their future is the main topic of discussion in our evenings together. For two of

them are in the last grade now, and both are going to town to school next term. And one, we don't know which, is going on to University.

Sometimes as we sit around the huge iron stove, I see amidst the crackling flames, a fine old building, in a large city. Then I know that I am seeing part of that far-off wonder they call "University." And sometimes a faint tinge of envy enters my heart. Then I must get up quickly and leave the happy group, lest they see it in my eyes and realize my futile dreams.

But envy flees like the darkness before the rising sun, when I go to the window and gaze at the beauty without. For what city could hold such eerie splendour as the snow-covered barns glistening in the moonlight? And what university training could afford such healthy satisfaction as does the snow-clad scene before my eyes?

And then with a peaceful spirit and unenvious heart I can rejoin the happy family around the stove. Not for anything in the world would I exchange my winter evenings at home.

JESSIE RAMSAY

Smiles

A smile is such a funny thing
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone you cannot find
Its secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do;
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at someone since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back;
Then that one smiles, until in truth
You have set a smiling track.
So since a smile can do great good
By lessening trouble and care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles "fit" anywhere.

ANASTASIA WOJCIECHOWSKI, C2

Preaching—and Practising

Paddy Ryan opened his eyes and rolled over in his bunk. He was the foreman of a "lumber gang" which has recently began clearing the dense forest along the west shore of the Mattagami River, about twenty miles from the town of Timmins. It really wasn't Paddy's duty to see that the men were roused early in the morning and given a substantial breakfast; but he did it as a mother goes about getting her children off to school. He wasn't one of those bosses who stand around beating their hands together and giving orders to the men.

Paddy reached for the clock, and seeing that it was almost five o'clock, he jumped out of bed and kindled a roaring fire in the big camp stove. "Come on, ye lazy lads!" he shouted, "out with all of yiz." He spoke with a marked Irish twang, but nobody liked him the less for it. One by one the men arose and donned their mackinaw outfits and high elk boots. Nobody tried to get the better of Paddy. For one reason they knew that it would not be well for them to try it, and for another they felt nothing but respect for the big Irishman.

After a hearty breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup, bacon and eggs, coffee, and bread and butter the men set out for the work which they loved. They loved the clear, frosty mornings and the bright, sunny afternoons. They loved to hear the ring of their fellow workers' axes as they cut into the trees. The tracks of mink, weasel and rabbit across

the snow were a familiar sight. The northern forest with its many hardships was home to them.

"Sure and it's a hard day ye'll be having ahead of yiz," Faddy remarked. "Ye'll be watching yirsilves as thim big trees is dangerous to fell, my lads," he added. Only too well did the men know that sometimes it was hard to tell which way a tree would fall and that men were hurt and sometimes killed when a tree fell in a different direction from that expected.

All morn'ing they sawed and chopped. And then, just as they were about to leave for dinner, they heard a cry of pain. The voice was unmistakably Paddy's! Saws and axes were dropped as if they were red-hot coals and everyone ran to the rescue of the man whom they had learned to respect and to love. In a few moments they found him almost covered with snow, his right leg pinned under a huge spruce tree. His face was distorted with pain. In a few minutes the men, working rapidly and carefully had removed the log, and were carrying him back to the cabin.

There they breathed sighs of relief when they found that although Paddy's leg was badly bruised and his ankle sprained no bones were broken. When they had doctored him and laid him on the bed he managed to laugh, "Sure and isn't that just like Paddy Ryan? Here I was tillin' you fellers to be careful, and 'twas myself as was the careless one."

CATHERINE O'NEILL



The Mattagami In Flood

"Our Salad Days"

"It is the anecdote that best defines the personality."—Ludwig
 "The child is father of the man."—Wordsworth.

The following true accounts of dark deeds done in early childhood were written by the perpetrators thereof—all students of the Middle School. Amateur psycho-analysts are invited to study the data submitted and to report their findings.—(Staff Editor's note)

"Very young children usually like meddling with handles and buttons on automobiles which they should not touch. I can well remember meddling with the controls of an old 1919 model Ford.

We were sitting in the front seat of the car—my cousin and myself—and I was pretending that I was taking her for a ride. While we were in the car our parents were on the veranda talking. I began making a noise with my mouth, as must children do, to pretend the car was going. I had often watched my father drive the car and when he started it he always let a lever down on the left hand side of the steering wheel. To make the ride more real I decided to let the lever down. It was the emergency brake. After some fiddling around I managed to get it down and I sat up to drive the car.

To my surprise the car began to move, and go down the hill. My cousin, who was a little older, tried to stop it by pushing on the foot brake but she could not. Our parents came running out of the house to try and catch the car by running after it, but it had too much of a start. We went down the hill and ran into a clump of small tag-alders which stopped us. When my father got hold of me after the car was brought back to the house, he gave me what children usually get for being naughty."

BY ?

* * *

"Before I reached the age of three I was nicknamed "Bouncer" due to my habit of bouncing up and down whenever I found myself on a chesterfield, chair or bed. But one day I was suddenly cured of this annoying habit. The credit goes to the scrubwoman who came in every so often to give the house a thorough going over.

As usual I toddled after her from room to room, sitting on a chair, bouncing up and down, and singing in the language which only my twin brother and I understood. But fate was against me this day, for I quite unex-

pectedly found myself in the old woman's scrub pail, which by this time was undeniably black, as she had reached the last room.

I heard dimly the surprised scream and then I was yanked out, dripping wet. As soon as I could get over my fright I immediately let out shriek after shriek, which resulted in my twin brother appearing on the scene, putting his chubby little arms around me and crying with me."

?

* * *

"When I think of my past I often wonder if there was ever a child half as bad as I. My childhood was one catastrophe after another. In the first place I hated girls as badly as I hated to wear shoes and stockings. In the summer time I would not wear shoes and stockings, and a good many spankings I got for being so stubborn; but I did get my own way. I often got into trouble for eating a portion of sand with perfectly good water, which I thought a great delicacy. Our pets were not cats or dogs, but Tommy (the boy I played with) and I had a troop of frogs and toads. We kept them in an old stove and played with them every day."

WHO ?

* * *

"When I was very young I was obliged to go to bed early. The worst part of my life was always being told to go to bed just when I was beginning to enjoy myself. I would go upstairs and feel very sorry for myself as I heard the gay laughter below. I knew that games were being played, and promised myself that when I grew up I would stay up all night just to show them!

"Another thing that took all the joy out of life was "being seen and not heard." Whenever there was any company at the house I was expected to sit straight, not to play, and above all, to speak only if I were spoken to!"

AUTHOR ?

"One thing I liked to do when I was very young was to press my nose flat against the window-pane. My brother used to bet that he could hold his nose against the pane longer than I. Then we would hold contests. The first time we did it my brother held out the longer, and he, of course, made fun of me. But whenever I won I made sure that I didn't let him feel very good about it."

?

* * *

"One day when we lived on Balsam Street, my father sent a boy over to chop a cord of wood. I was only about six or seven then. I leaned against the railings of the back porch, watching him cut the wood. Suddenly I said to him, "How are you getting along, Fatty?" He was really very fat, and he took offence and walked off leaving his job. Since that day I have had to split the wood."

?

* * *

"Everything had to be kept out of my reach. Well I remember the time I upset a jar of jam on the kitchen floor. Mother was getting me a piece of bread and jam when the phone rang. Up I climbed on a chair and got the jar off the table. But as luck would have it the chair moved—and down I fell! Jam and all. Another time, when mother left me alone for a few moments, I fed her roast to the dog.

Another little habit of mine was running away, and strange as it may seem, I always headed for the school. I yearned to be going to school. Two or three times a day mother would have to leave her work and go to get me. I never thought of the trouble I was causing her: but what little child does?"

NAME ?

* * *

"What a care-free life I led when I was very young! The children then seemed to have more ambition than the children of to-day. My friends and I were never idle. We were always doing something. My favourite activity was to be an actress. Four or five of my friends and myself would borrow an empty garage or an old shed, and put on a show. I can well remember the time we had arguing over the programme and the charge for admission to our theatre. We usually charged one pin, because nearly everyone

could find a pin somewhere. I remember once that we charged one cent, and after the show was over had to give the money back."

NAME ?

* * *

"In the summer, by way of amusement, I would throw my rubber boots into a creek nearby. I did this so often that father made a fishing apparatus to regain my boots and fashioned a thin board to regain my obedience

"When I had been deprived of this form of amusement, the presence of cracks between the boards on the verandah became obnoxious to my optics. To remedy this, I used two pounds of butter to fill them in.

"Several years later I came to the Timmins High School and learned to do more grown-up things, such as throwing running shoes and putting tacks on chairs."

"X" ?

* * *

"Mother has told me I was a worry to our neighbours, especially to those on either side of us, neither of whom had any children. I loved to visit Mrs. B. because she had so many magazines for me to look at. One day she was washing the floor and wanted me to, "run along and play like a good girl." When I wouldn't leave, she put me out. I can still remember how angry I was. Later, Mother came up the lane and caught me throwing rocks at her screen door. Needless to say I never threw any more stones, and I didn't visit Mrs. B. for over a month."

"Y"—?

* * *

"Only a few snatches of my very early life remain in my mind. Some of these stand out clearly and seem to have been of great importance at the time they happened. I can remember back as far as when I was about two years old. At that time I was told to stay away from the ant hill in the backyard. I, like any other child, immediately went to the ant hill and began to dig it up with my shovel. The ants crawled all over me and I can still remember their biting my back and legs.

"Another thing that stands out is the time that my father brought home his first deer. I remember seeing him walking into the inn house across the road, with the deer

on his shoulder. I also remember how I smacked my lips on that deer the next day at dinner.

"The thing that stands out most and was of the greatest importance is the making of my kiddy-car. My father made it for me and then took the wheels off my crib to complete the toy. That kiddy-car was the best in the world in my estimation, and I can still see it standing on the wheels from my crib."

CAN YOU GUESS ?

* * *

"When I was very young, there was nothing more delightful than a good story, well told. In the funny tale of Epaminondas and His Auntie, 'Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with!' never failed to

evoke a delighted grin or chuckle at every repetition. In stories I would tolerate no half-way measures. Everything must be settled, once and for all, before the story ended. My youthful feeling of justice demanded that good people should be rewarded, and bad people punished, and unless the story worked out in that way, there was something wrong with it.

"To me fairies were the most enticing, the most important inhabitants of the earth. Every flower cup was a fairy's bedroom, every mushroom a dining-table.

True, even though I was quite watchful, I never caught a glimpse of one. But I felt, many a time that I might have seen one, had I turned about just a little more quickly.'

"Z"—?

"CHANGE OF SHIFT—2nd"

Favourite Sayings

Mr. Tanner—"Girls and boys, we are having a big hockey match Friday and I would like every student to be out if at all possible."

Miss Mulvihill—"Annie, don't be such a jumping-jack; you and Enid are just like monkeys—always do the same things."

Miss Bucovetsky—"Now, you over there"—pointing to Sybil—"one of your childish pranks again. Don't act like a baby."

Miss McLaughlin—(sticking her pencil in Annie's back) "If you don't stop talking you will get a 30-minute detention."

Annie—"Oh, that hurts!"

Miss McLaughlin—"I want it to hurt."

Mr. Fawcett—"Now, Annie, turn around and face the front."

Miss Evans—"I wish I could come in here"—meaning C2—"without having to hear people's voices."

Miss Tennant—"Name three princesses, Sybil."

....

Sybil—"Princess Marina, Princess Elizabeth, and"—(stops to think)

Miss Tennant—"Come, come, can't you think of another one?"

Sybil—"Yes, Princess Neverdie."

Miss MacNamara—(during History lesson) "Anne, name five most important women in history."

Anne—"The Dionne Quints."

Mr. Mitchell: "Are you passing another note, Ruth?"

Ruth Tolman: (leaning across the aisle) "No, I am only holding Mary's hand!"

We Wonder

Why Jimmy Veitch is a Librarian?

What Pete Ostrosser does in his spare time?

Where Armbrust gets his manicures?

Why Clifford Lafrenier is seen so much on Balsam St.

What gave Darling that "sorrowful" look?

Who the three debutantes of the T. H. S. are?

Why Wyman Brewer likes to sit behind a certain 4th form girl who lives on John St.

Why Frank Everard hates girls?—maybe he's had a lemon!

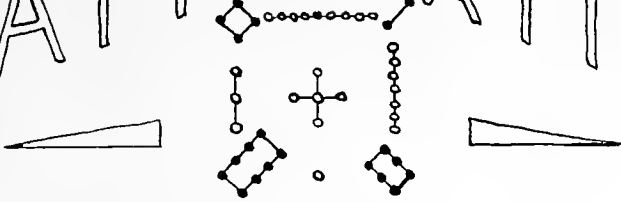
Why Don Hogarth dresses up every Saturday night?

Why Don Mortson walks to 4th Ave., every noon hour when he lives on Elm Street?

When Merton Lake will call somewhere else than at a certain home on Lakeshore Ave.?

Where John McKenna gets that schoolgirl complexion?

MATHEMATICS



Scene IX "THE 6000-FOOT LEVEL"

"Facing the facts is our first duty with regard to every problem."

Sir J. Arthur Thomson, in *Biology for Everyman*

This is the section which represents mathematics. What a waste of paper in our precious school magazine! you may say. Well, you have made a mistake if you hold that opinion of this most useful of all subjects. Perhaps you sympathize with yourself because of all the hard, brain-racking, heart-rending work you are required to put into this subject. Poof! Why, Al-Khowarizimi spent a lifetime trying to solve a quadratic equation. He finally succeeded. Nowadays we are taught how to do such a thing in a single period. And what is more, we go home that night and do twenty or thirty.

Pythagoras was another old-timer in the history of mathematics. He was born in 582 B.C. He was a great expense to his father, as he had a great liking for going places, and his hotel bills were always sent to Papa Pythagoras. One day, when Pythagoras the Younger was in Egypt, somebody put the silly idea into his head of inventing a new theorem in Geometry. This he did, and called it Theorem Twelve, Book Two. Although he did not know it at the time, he was laying the foundation for a great many other geometrical theorems.

Imagine that you are in Greece, a great many years ago, and that you wish to buy a pair of sandals, or Grecian oxfords. You enter a little shop and the purchase is made as it would be in 1935—until the storekeeper finds that you have given him too much money. At this stage, you might as well sit down, for the storekeeper is about to begin the long and tedious operation of paying you the correct change. He takes a peculiar-

looking board from a hook on the wall, and picks up a handful of counters, or checkers. Is he going to play a game with you? No! This board is the Abacus, that wonderful instrument with which the storekeeper calculates the amount of change he owes you. The counters are placed on numbered lines in what seems to be a pattern of strange design. Then the dealer counts them, lengthwise, crosswise and everywise. After a great deal of counting on his fingers and of mumbling to himself (mental arithmetic!), he gives you your change, which you must trust to be correct. If you think that you have been cheated, you are out of luck, for no amount of coaxing would persuade that dealer to repeat his work.

The "mental arithmetic" that the storekeeper of that period did on his hands was really part of a queer system of numbers. Each number was made by holding the hand in a certain position, with the fingers twisted into knots and other shapes, to form a "sign numeral."

How queer it would be if we did our present daily shopping under such conditions as these! It might be a means of saving more of our income, because our days would be much too short, and our purchases too numerous, for all this tedious counting and reckoning.

All branches of mathematics have advanced a great deal since the time of the early Greeks and Egyptians, and our present explorers in those subjects are not as handicapped as were their ancient masters.

ESSES

"Tool After Tool"

At evening when our chores are done,
We take our books out one by one,
And look them over carefully,
For homework is our specialty.
First to our "maths" we always turn;
We like them for the things we learn
Which sharpen, clear and train the mind
And urge us on our goals to find.
And later on, in years to come,
When we, our long-sought goals have won,
We'll see that "maths"—tool after tool—
Just as we used them while at school,
Have paved the way for us to win
A peaceful place 'midst the world's mad din.
LESTER HILL

For those readers who like to try their mathematical ability in working out unusual problems, I submit the following:—

1. "If a third of six were three,
What would a fourth of twenty be?"
2. By using all the digits from 1 to 9 inclusive, and putting them down in two columns, arrange them so that the sum will be 100.
3. Arrange 6 matches in the following form
whose value is $\frac{1}{7} - \frac{1}{V11}$ By moving
only one match to another position,
change the value from $\frac{1}{7}$ to 1

Scene X: "THE 2800-FOOT LEVEL"

"To exalt the present and the real.
To teach the average man the glory of his daily work or trade."

Walt Whitman

The Process of Extracting Gold from the Rock in McIntyre Mill

The rock is first crushed down to six-inch boulders underground. When the ore comes to the surface it passes a magnet which takes all the steel out; then it goes through a gyratory or cone crusher which crushes the rock to fine pebbles. The ore is then taken up past another magnet and goes through a weightometer which measures the number of tons of ore. It is then taken across a tripper which distributes the ore evenly into ore-pockets. From the ore-pockets it goes across vibrating screens which separate the large particles from the small. The large particles go to the rolls while the small ones are taken across a tripper and evenly distributed in an ore bin. In the rolls the ore is ground to a fine mass and taken across the screens again. This is called a circulating load. From the screens, large bins or tanks containing water and flotation agents could be seen.

The large ore-bins have a safety-device. If a man should fall into the bin, he could save himself by catching the cable, and so break a fall of forty feet.

The small particles are so minute that they look like powder. From the bins the ore goes through tubes into six tube mills, six classifiers and six flotation cells which are called

the primary cells. The ore is mixed with water and flotation agents coming from the tanks mentioned above. The large particles go back to the tube mill, and the small ones are sent to another set of flotation cells, called the secondary cells. This is called a circulating load. The tailings from the primary cells are checked on a vibrating table, and then taken into froth tanks and pumped outside. From the secondary cells the floated material, sulphides and gold, is taken into two more tube mills which grind the mass down still finer and it is then pumped into de-water filters.

The de-water filters extract all the water by means of vacuum pumps, leaving the dry caky metallics. Then the ore is taken through cyanide filters. The concentrates are taken to a thickener which separates the heavy ores from the light ones; then they go through presses which extract all the lime. The solution then goes through a meter, which measures the amount going through. Zinc dust is added to precipitate the gold.

Precipitation presses extract all the cyanide, leaving either the barren solution or the gold bullion which is taken to bullion furnaces to be shaped into Gold Bricks which are sent to the Mint.

M. J. KOSTYNYK—"Tech."

A Message from the Director of the Vocational School

When we think of Vocational Education are we not inclined to think that it is merely a preparation for a job—a means of earning money? And why earn money? Is it not that we may enjoy living! Surely life means more than merely getting money, and so also does Vocational Education. It should be a preparation for living. So many students in the vocational school are prone to think that the Typewriting, or Cooking, or Woodworking—the so-called “practical” subjects—are all-important. Might I stress the equal or greater importance of History—the story of man’s growth and progress; Literature—a record of man’s thoughts; and Science—how the man has discovered the secrets of the world about us. And when school days are over, continued study, through the reading of the best of these, will increase our appreciation of what has been done by past generations to give us all that makes life enjoyable—and will help make it enjoyable.

A. A. ROSE

The Machine Shop Department

This department of the Vocational School is a place of considerable interest to boys. It is a great attraction for them to be able to run the different machines and it has but one disappointing feature; the periods come to an end all too soon.

The shop is equipped with a splendid variety of modern machines that provide an opportunity to make practically anything desired.

The crib, where the tools are arranged on display shelves, is looked after by the boys in turn and this experience is instructive and valuable. Here is to be found a large assortment of the best tools obtainable.

Whether or not a boy specializes in the study of Machine Shop he has in his possession the knowledge of machinery that is sure to be of use to him in future life. By the use of machinery and hand tools he obtains experience that enables him to keep mechanical contrivances such as the lawn mower and washing machine in proper working order.

The machine department is one of the best equipped of any school shop in the Province and the courses offered in theoretical and practical problems are of a value and variety unsurpassed in Ontario.

L. BADERSKI



Drafting Room, Vocational School

Machinists All

"The keen . . . unpassioned beauty of a great machine."

Bill Barilko:

A machinist who manufactures alibis on a wholesale basis.

Bill Sangster:

Bill's disarming smile saves him many a cross-examination.

Francis Sarmiento:

'Tis said that ice, and a cheering crowd, will waken his mentality.

Donald Hensby:

Has a mania for dissecting theories, at which he is very unsuccessful.

Louis Baderski:

Speaks only when necessary, seldom before.

Thomas Moore:

T. J. Moore's wisecracking tongue takes the monotony out of the dullest session. Which is appreciated.

Bob Mitchell:

A talented newcomer, who assists in nearly every school activity, to the complete satisfaction of his classmates.

Eliot Bailey:

Insists upon accuracy to the last decimal place, at all times.

Arthur Manhire:

Known as "Sleepy Manhire," is very conservative with his slow smile.

L. BLACK

Spring

Spring came over the hill to-day,
Dancing and singing on her way;
Bringing with her the birdies small
That did not leave till late last fall.

Robins are chirping among the trees,
Tiny leaves rustling in the breeze,
And spiders are weaving their webs to-day
Because pretty spring has come this way.
HARRY CHARBONNEAU, AIC



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Scene XI: "THE 2000-FOOT LEVEL"

The Household Science Course—A Training for Life

The Household Science Department of the Timmins High and Vocational School was started in 1927. At that time Cooking and Dressmaking were taught to Commercial students, but up to last year there was no special Household Science Course, that is, no course in which girls could specialize in Household Science. With sixteen girls graduating this year and twenty-one at present in S2, the course has made rapid progress.

Although there are many other courses girls may take, I think the Household Science course is the best. In it the girls are educated in subjects which will be of help to them in later life. Every girl expects eventually to be a homemaker and should have some training for this life-long vocation.

Some people think that in the Household Science course the girls are taught only to cook and to sew. This is not true. There are a great variety of subjects taught, some of which I shall explain briefly.

Dietetics is a subject which is important to everyone. If a young mother has had a course in Household Science she will know how to give her family well-balanced meals and the right kind of food. We learn how improper food causes misshapen bones, poor teeth, susceptibility to colds and diseases, underweight and overweight, nervous disorders and poor digestion, and we are taught how to avoid such things. We also learn what

foods will hasten recovery from such diseases as tuberculosis.

In Hygiene we are shown how to improve our appearance and health by being well-groomed. Hygiene includes the care of hair, hands, skin, teeth, and feet. More advanced hygiene teaches us how to care for a patient in a home, how to recognize the symptoms of different diseases, how to give certain treatments, and how to render first aid.

We learn in Home Economics how to launder our clothes and clean and press them properly. We are also taught how to furnish a home well, according to our income.

Cooking is among the many important subjects taken in this practical course. Let us consider the position of a girl just married, would be in, if she had no knowledge of cooking, of food values, of how to plan well-balanced meals, or of the standard prices of the food she purchases. She might think she was securing a bargain when she was really paying a high price. Her store bill would be much higher than need be; and not many husbands favour parting with more than necessary of their pay cheque for the grocery bill.

Our next subject is Science. This is very interesting, especially to those who like dissecting frogs and other animals. Among other things we learn how to remove stains and how to distinguish between different

materials. Bacteria and germs are also studied, and the diseases caused by these micro-organisms, so small that they may be seen only under the microscope. The study of injurious insects and methods of getting rid of them is another valuable branch of this subject.

Physical Training is the sport side of our course. During the winter we take this subject in the gymnasium. Tricks on mats, the horse, bars, and rings, as well as folk-dances, games and marching, form a part of the training given in this period. We all look forward to the warmer months when we take our exercises outside and have many exciting games of softball.

In Literature we study many kinds of prose and poetry. The study of plays is made par-

ticularly interesting by the members of the class taking the parts of the character in the play.

French is also taught in this course. By the end of the term we are supposed to be able to carry on a conversation in French.

Elementary Economics teaches us the different stages of industry and economics through which the world has passed. We take up topics such as Banking, Wages, Labour and Unions, so that we have some understanding of the conditions of to-day.

From this outline you can see what a broad course this is, and of what great value it would be to every girl who hopes sometimes to be in a home of her own.

BARBARA HAWSE,
ANISSEE HASSAD

The Social Side of the Household Science Course

"A dinner lubricates business."

Much of the future success of a graduate of a Household Science course depends upon the practical experience she gets in the course. The girls are given many opportunities for experience of this kind.

One means of getting practical experience is in the preparation of dinners and luncheons at the school. Every Thursday two girls from SII prepare a three-course luncheon of soup, a hot dish or salad, and dessert. This meal is served to Miss Harkness, Mr. Tanner, and two other members of this staff. The girls usually require all morning to prepare the meal, as they are inexperienced. They make out their own menu, market order, price list, and time-table. One girl is cook and the other is waitress. The waitress assists the cook until it is time to set the table. She then serves the meal. After the meal is over, the girls wash all the dishes and the linens, and clean up the room.

On Tuesday SIII prepare their own dinners. The preparation of their meal is similar to that of the luncheons. The cook is hostess and the two girls who are to be the cooks the next week are guests. The hostess conducts her guests to the table, indicates where they are to sit, leads the conversation, and sees that her guests have everything they

desire. The meal is served in family style. The host serves the meat and dessert and the hostess the vegetables and pours the tea.

The girls are also called upon to prepare and serve afternoon tea to the teachers at meetings which are sometimes held after school hours. This is usually served in the dressmaking room. The girls prepare dainty sandwiches of various kinds, small cakes and tea.

Dinners are also served to visiting hockey, rugby and basketball teams, who come from other towns to play against our team.

An interesting event of the SIII class this year was a Christmas dinner. The girls prepared the food themselves. This was the menu:

Grapefruit Cocktail	
Curled Celery	
Roast Stuffed Chicken	Giblet Gravy
Mashed Potatoes	Peas
Cranberry Sauce	
Plum Pudding	Butterscotch Sauce
Coffee	Almonds

The table was beautifully decorated with evergreen, tinsel, and red candles.

Miss Harkness was present, with two other invited guests, Miss Evans and Miss Tennant, who are teachers of this class. The girls

skated on the High School Rink after the dinner.

During the Christmas holidays, the High School Dance was held for the graduate students of the school. The Household Science girls were again called upon to cater for this party. They prepared dainty sandwiches, cakes and coffee and helped to serve the food.

One morning in the cooking period the SIII class prepared food suitable for a reception. The pupils of the class acted as guests, with the exception of three girls, the hostess and her two assistants. Gwen Thompson made a charming hostess and received her guests in the dressmaking room. Tea was poured by Desneiges Morin who was assisted by Maureen Baker. The girls enjoyed this very much and were assured that they were now capable of entertaining their friends at a reception.

JANET GARROW

"Hospitality sitting with gladness"

Most of us girls iron our sweaters with an iron don't we?

Well I don't; I use a much simpler and quicker method. This is it. After washing a sweater, I place it on a clean towel over a rug. Then I stretch the sweater to its original size and shape, and pin another towel over it as tightly as possible.

When the sweater is dry, it is ready for use—and without bothering about an iron, because the towel pinned over the sweater "irons" it.

LOUISE MORRIS

* * *

There was a young lady named Katy,
Who was very hefty and weighty,—
She heard of a diet—
She said, "Well, I'll try it,
And maybe I'll find me a matey."

"V"

"CHANGE OF SHIFT— 3rd"

Employer: Your first duty will be to post this journal.

Nelma: Yes, sir, where shall I send it?

* * *

Annie Lukon was having one of her daily arguments with one of her school pals and wished to finish off her opponent once and for all. "The sooner I never see your face again" she said "the better it will be for both of us when we meet."

* * *

Mary Promane was watching a car being loaded at the local freight shed. "But why" she asked, "do you call it a shipment when it goes in a car and a cargo when it goes in a ship?"

* * *

Mr. Fawcett: What is a debtor, Patricia?

Patricia: A man who owes money.

Mr. Fawcett: And what is a creditor?

Patricia: The man who thinks he is going to get it.

* * *

Teacher: What's a criminal?

Anastasia: One who-er, a—one who does something.

Teacher: Well, you're certainly not a criminal.

Editor of the Quill: If you had to write an article on a subject you knew nothing of, how would you begin?

Applicant—We learn from a very reliable source . . .

Editor—Excellent; and how would you end it?

Applicant—We could fill columns on this subject, but lack of space . . .

Editor—Splendid! you're engaged.

* * *

Maisie: I passed by your place yesterday.

Jean: Thanks awfully.

* * *

Lillian—Is your father a mechanic?

Jean—No, he's a MacDonald.

* * *

Anastasia Wojciechowski rushed to the post office and asked the clerk at the wicket for her mail. "What is the name please?" asked the girl. "I haven't time to tell you, you'll see it on the envelope anyway" said Anastasia Wojciechowski.

* * *

Teacher—And what lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Heula—Not to get stung.



Typing Room

Scene XII: "THE 1450-FOOT LEVEL"

"Concentration, by which is grown gradually the power to wrestle successfully with the secret of successful study. No mind, however dull, can escape the brightness that comes from steady application." Sir William Osler

Timmins, Ontario,

April 4, 1935

Dear Anne:

You can't imagine how surprised and thrilled I was with the news in your last letter. So you and your family are coming to Timmins next month! I am so glad to hear that you are interested in a business course. I have been taking a splendid course at the Timmins Vocational School, and I know you will love it.

The work is covered in two years and the choice of subjects has been found to be very practical in the light of modern business requirements. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that our graduates are truly efficient. You see, we are drilled so carefully in the subjects necessary for any business office, and in English, Geography, History and Economics, that we just can't help being competent and intelligent stenographers when we are finished.

Now, this may sound like all work and no play to you; but we have our moments of fun as well. I have another year to spend, and believe it or not, I am really looking forward to it. We have to work, there is no doubt about that, but then it is work that is really worth while, and in the end we are well rewarded for our efforts. When you have taken enough shorthand it is great fun to try and take down the latest song hits over the radio.

My advice, Anne, is for you to take this course at our school. I know you will never regret it.

Please let me know when you are leaving and I shall arrange to meet you at the train.

Your sincere friend,

ORVA McGRATH

* * *

I wonder if Miss Quinn is related to the Quintuplets?

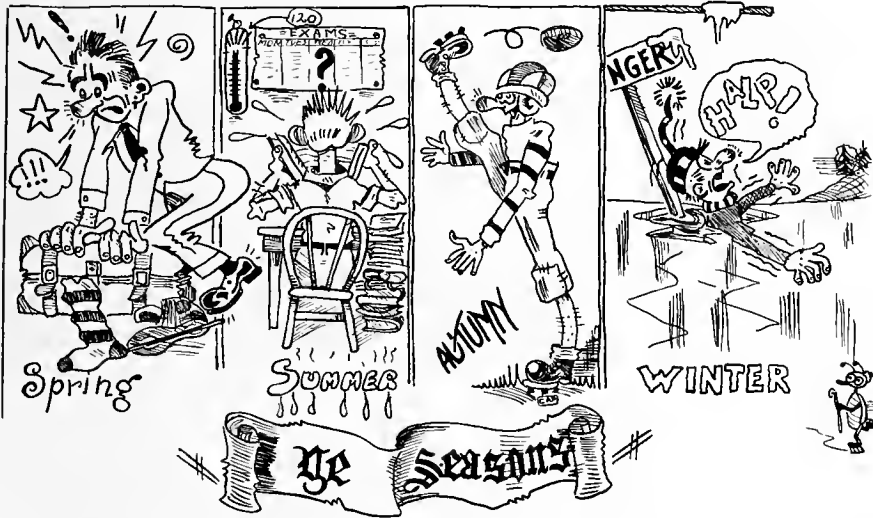
Act III

"Development Ore"

"Man's endeavour should be to make the most and the best of each successive arc on the curve of life."

Sir J. Arthur Thomson, in "Biology for Everyman."

Scene I: "THE CONVEYOR BELT"



SEPTEMBER

The one outstanding event of September was the visit of Dr. Simpson, Minister of Education. He spoke on topics dear to every student's heart. He said that examinations would be completed in June, rather than carried on into July. He also hinted that there should be less homework. (How we cheered!) And to top it all he gave us a half-holiday. At this statement the cheering became so deafening that Dr. Simpson could say no more.

OCTOBER

Friday, October 26 — Commencement!

How the graduating students awaited this day! At eight o'clock on the evening of Friday, October 26, parents and students assembled in the auditorium. Dr. Fyfe, principal of Queen's University, visited our High School, and gave a long interesting talk. Later in the evening, there was music, and diplomas were given. Every student's heart

was swelling with pride, for this was worth the year's work.

A Hallowe'en party sponsored by the S2 girls was held on October 31. The party took the form of a masquerade and was kindly chaperoned by Miss McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington and Mr. Gauthier. Refreshments were served and dancing and games enjoyed.

NOVEMBER

November 11—At a meeting of the literary society, Dr. Honey gave a speech in which he vividly depicted some of the gruesome details of the Great War. He made it realistic by showing us a bomb and how it works. He was enthusiastically clapped as having delivered one of the most interesting speeches of the year.

An exclusive party was put on by the third formers of the High School, and they made a real success of it.

Miss MacNamara lent her radio for the

evening, and the pupils danced to the smooth rhythms of the best orchestras on the air.

Miss Bradley and Mr. Mitchell acted as chaperons and they enjoyed the party as much as the pupils.

Refreshments and food were plentiful.

A Rugby Supper was served for Kirkland Lake, the visiting team, in the Timmins High School about the end of November. Miss Briffet and Miss Smyth were in charge.

On November 20th, the players of the Kirkland Lake rugby team were the guests of the Timmins team at a dance in the auditorium. A very large crowd of students were present. Maurice Villeneuve was at the piano. Miss MacNamara and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington were in charge of this event.

Term examinations were enjoyed by the pupils of the school around the first of the month under the chaperonage of Mr. Tanner. Report cards were served later to bring the term to a close. Unfortunately, to some, they brought painful experiences at home.

DECEMBER

During the holidays, on December the 28th to be exact, the ball of the season was held. The graduates' dance, for such it was, was in honor of the graduates of the school who were home for the holidays. The

Literary Society Executive had charge of all arrangements. I wasn't present, but from all reports it was an event worth recording in this diary of the school year.

FEBRUARY

Theatre Nights were held on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the month. Three plays were presented—"The Grand Cham's Diamond," a mystery. "The Crimson Coconut," a comedy, and "The Romance of the Willow Pattern," a fantasy. Following the second night Miss MacNamara served ice cream and doughnuts to the players, orchestra and ushers.

Miss Mackey had promised IC a skating party if they sold most tickets for the plays. On February 18, they held the party at the school rink. Miss Symthe brought a bag of kisses which mysteriously disappeared. A committee of girls made cocoa at Herbert Langdon's home. Mr. Rose also acted as chaperon at the party.

After IC, IE had its skating party with the usual hot dogs, cocoa and games. Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Fawcett and Miss MacNamara kept the children out of mischief.

Not long afterwards ID put on another skating party. The pupils amused themselves by playing games. Miss MacNamara and Mr. Fawcett were the chaperons of the evening.



Refreshments were served after the games and then everyone went home.

The big event of this month was the broadcast given on the 28th by the school orchestra over the local station. It was appreciated by all who heard it. On the 12th of April the Orchestra and the Glee Club are giving a concert in the school auditorium. Everyone is looking forward to this event.

MARCH

IA, not to be beaten by the other first forms, had its skating party at the High School. There were refreshments, and the pupils kept Miss Quinn, Miss Briffett and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington busy looking after them when they started to play the usual games.

March 8th—The Girls' Basketball Team gave a dance, following the game, for the visiting team from Cochrane. The music for dancing was supplied by Miss Kostynyk, pianist, and M. Kostynyk, violinist. The refreshments which were served were not as plentiful as the girls usually provide. The chaperons were Miss Tennant and Mr. Mitchell.

"Ah me, examinations! Would that I had been more attentive and pursued my studies more diligently!" was the sigh of every stu-

dent as the time drew near for those fatal tests.

On March twenty-second, Dr. Rogers of the Department of Education came to Schumacher to officially open the new High School there. He visited our High School and was particularly interested in our laboratories, wood-working and mining rooms.

Another party was given by the third form boys on the 29th. Alvin McAlendin provided music at the piano, and dancing was enjoyed. Miss Evans, Miss Cunningham, Miss Bradley, Miss MacNamara, and Mr. Vogel saw that the party ran smoothly. Refreshments were served and enjoyed, especially by those who had not brought any. The boys, in fact, proved to the satisfaction of everyone present that they were better providers than the girls.

APRIL

April 1—The periods of the last week have been frequently interrupted by cordial invitations from Mr. Tanner to visit his office. The pleasure of the visit is expressed on the faces of the pupils when they return to the class. They report most enjoyable gossip about their term-standing.

Scene II: "THE ASSAY"

Commencement

A school commencement means a great deal to the whole school, but it has a special significance for the graduating class. Until that time their lives have been looked after and planned for, but with commencement comes responsibility not only for the student himself, but for others. Both teachers and pupils realize this, and though the teachers may have grave fears, the student, embarking on the wonderful Sea of Life, sees only adventure ahead.

Our last school commencement was held in the auditorium of the school, October 26th, 1934. Principal Fyfe, the principal of Queen's University was to speak and many parents and students had come to hear him. Among the guests of honour, besides Principal Fyfe, were those who were to present the prizes and diplomas.

The programme was opened by selections from the orchestra, which were well received. The school is proud of the orchestra, which, under the able direction of Mr. Mitchell, has made great progress. The chairman, Mr. Tanner, gave his address, which was followed by songs by a group of first and second year girls under Miss Smythe's direction, who form the Glee Club.

Mr. F. Purdy, Principal of South Porcupine Continuation School, then presented the Halperin Medal. Every year Dr. Honey presents books to the pupils in each class who show the most progress during the year. These prizes were presented by Mr. M. B. Scott.

The main feature of the programme was Dr. Fyfe's talk. Dr. Fyfe spoke of the many different ways in which students are taught. He believes that the most beneficial way is to



let the pupil find his own material and hold class discussions. His talk was broadcasted and was very interesting to students, teachers and parents. The boys and girls who heard him carried home with them the thought that life holds responsibility as well as adventure.

After Dr. Fyfe's speech, Heula Scully and Nelma Johnson gave a pretty dance, and Mr. Greaves, Chairman of the Vocational Committee, presented the Industrial Diplomas.

Mr. Desaulniers of the French-Canadian Study Club presented prizes, donated by Mr. J. A. Bradette, of Cochrane. This was followed by a duet sung by Ruth Koski and Dawn Holland. Then Mr. A. R. Harkness presented the diplomas to the Commercial Graduates.

After some selections by the orchestra Mr. A. DesRoches, Chairman of the High School Board, presented the diplomas to the High School Graduates.

The evening ended with the singing of The National Anthem, after which many Queen's graduates stayed to meet Dr. Fyfe.

EVERLYN LUCAS

Halperin Medal

Esther Shub

Dr. Honey Prizes

Helen Crews	Evelyn Lucas
Earl Walden	Laura Kari
Patricia Carson	Annie Kolaski
Jim Clarke	Mary Stachow
Ennie Honkala	Helen Landers
Basil Howse	Janet Garrow
Helen Pecore	Francesco Tannarelli

Janet Dye	Arne Simola
Louis Guolla	Louis Baderski
Elmer Nikula	

French-Canadian Study Club Prizes

Marcelle Gagne	Madeline Sauve
Edith St. Germaine	Armand Lachapelle

Commercial Graduates

John Arnott	Wiljo Leino
Patrick Burke	Lorraine MacMillan
Dorothy Dickinson	Fleur-Ange Perreault
Mary Giallonardo	Ethel Rood
Hazel Gilbert	Annie Stachow
Roland Godin	Esther Waldon

Technical Graduates

Stewart Cummings	Albert Keelan
Edward Garrow	Lawrence Lemieux
James Gregulski	Douglas Robertson
Mike Zarriski	

High School Graduates

Herman Walter	Eino Aho
Evelyn Lucas	Ethel Brown
Jack Lake	Mrytle Brown
Clifford Jucksch	James Brown
Winnifred Kerr	Leonard Traver
Margaret Haines	Doris Cooke
Lester Hill	Mary Baderski
David Sky	Sam Finkleman
Rose Spooner	Louis Guolla
Marion Ostrosser	Mema Habib
Winnifred McLean	Rita Forbes
Louise Abraham	Clare Baker
Elaine Fitzpatrick	Maurice Villeneuve
Mary Ramsay	Robert Torrance
Ross McPhail	Clement Leaman
Barbara Campbell	Leslie Thompson
Lorraine Charron	

"Our Academical Pharisees"

"These are weighty secrets and we must whisper them."

Louis Guolla:

"I know everything except myself."

Louise Abraham:

"Bad language or abuse
I never, never use
Whatever the emergency;
Though 'Bother it' I may
Occasionally say
I never, never use a big, big D."

Lester Hill:

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone
In the grove at end of the vale."

Lorraine Charron:

"My idea of an agreeable person is one
who agrees with me."

Leslie Thompson:

"Begone dull care!
I prithee begone from me!
Begone dull care!
Thou and I shall never agree."

Marion Ostrosser:

"That indolent but agreeable condition
of doing nothing."

Maurice Villeneuve:

"I know the disposition of women; when
you will they won't; when you won't they
set their hearts upon you of their own
inclination."

Mema Habib:

"An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you,
Ef you don't watch out."

Clare Baker:

"I'd rather be handsome than homely,
I'd rather be youthful than old;
If I can't have a bushel of silver
I'll do with a barrel of gold."

Margaret Haines:

"O Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what
lays before us!"

Marcel Everard:

"Xenophon says that there is no sound
more pleasing than one's own praises."

Muriel Finney:

"I's wicked, I is,
I's mighty wicked;
Anyhow I can't help it."

Gauvreau:

"Who can wrestle against sleep?"

Helen Newton:

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and while lilies grow."

Evelyn Lucas:

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good-day!"

Lafrenier:

"I once admitted—to my shame—
That football was a brutal game
Because she hates it."

Finkleman:

"Xerxes did die
And so must I."

Jack Code:

"Secret and self-contained and solitary
as an oyster."

Lloyd Chisholm:

"God bless the man who first invented
sleep. So Sancho Panza said, and so
say I."

John McKenna:

"He possessed a peculiar talent of pro-
ducing effect in whatever he said or did."

Margaret Carlin:

"A penny for your thoughts."

Brown:

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."

Rita Forbes:

"The world is so full of a number of
things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings."

Gordon Robinson:

"His only fault, is that he has no faults."

Clare Dowdall:

"I will sit down, but the time will come
when you will hear me."

Jack Lake:

"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."

"Let down the curtain: the farce is done."

* * *

Stein Song Revision

Fill—the steins to dear old High,
Shout till the streets do ring,
Stand—and shout, a toast nev-er dies
If every loyal High man sing—
Then drink—to all the hap-py girls,
Drink to the care-free boys,
Drink—to High and Mr. Tanner.
The school of our heart always.

To the Lits—to the Quill—to the staff in
in its var-i-ous temp-er-ments.
To the youth,—to the fire,—To the life
that is moving and calling us—
To the profs.—to the lates,—to the Pup-ils
who stay for their CHEM-IST-RY.
To the lips—to the eyes—To the girls who
will love us some day!

Oh fill . . .

LLOYD W. BLACK

* * *

Spring

What is so rare as a warm sunny day
When the yellow daffodils are at play;
When a merry wind rustles busily
Through the leaves of a tall elm tree;
When the laughing brook is dancing along
To the rhythm gay of a maiden's song?

JEAN McCHESNEY, AIC

In Memoriam

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them."

DOROTHY BURKE
 LEE KUCHERAN
 PATRICK LETANG
 MARGUERITE MACKAY
 WILFRED SHIELDS

MAGAZINE EXCHANGE LIST

NAME	SCHOOL	TOWN
The Vulcan	Central Technical School	Toronto
The O.S.C.V.I. Auditorium	Owen Sound Collegiate Vocational Institute	Owen Sound
The K.C.V.I. Times	Kingston Collegiate Vocational Institute	Kingston
The O.A.C. Review	Ontario Agricultural College	Guelph
Acta Victoriana	Victoria College, U. of T.	Toronto
The Trinity University Review	Trinity College	Toronto
St. Andrew's College Review	St. Andrew's College	Aurora
Hermes (1935)	Humberside Collegiate Institute	Toronto
The Trinity University Review (1935)	Trinity College	Toronto
The London Central Review	London Central Collegiate	London



"When Time who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew."

Six years ago the clocks of the Timmins High clicked a metallic welcome to some ninety eager First Formers. Last year, these same clocks bid their adieux to the thirty-one survivors. Below are the names of those who have gone out from the good old T.H.S. into the school of experience, and to them we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Toronto University

Eino Aho—taking an Arts Course.
 Anna Bucovetsky—Household Economics.
 Esther Shub—Household Economics.
 Clem Leaman—in the Arts Course.
 Arnold Purdon—studying medicine.

Queen's University

Joyce Patterson—taking an Arts Course
 Bell Keeley—Faculty of Science
 Clayton Richardson—Faculty of Science
 Len Travers—Faculty of Science
 George White—Faculty of Science

North Bay Normal

Violet Innis Mary Ramsay

Business College

Margaret Geils Pauline Mullen
 Helmi Krumpula

Nursing

Ethel Brown—training in the Western Hospital, Toronto.

Elaine Fitzpatrick—training in the local hospital.

Winnifred Kerr—in the Toronto General Hospital.

Rose Spooner—living in Massey.

Connie Harris—in the Goldfields Drug-Store.

Ernest Lacey—working at the Taylor Hardware.

Harry Shepherd—in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Herman Walters—working for the Northern Ontario Power Co.

Henry Ostrosser—in his father's store in town.

Robert Hogarth—at R.M.C., Kingston.

George Luoma—still in school, this time in Michigan, U.S.A.

Violet Howard—now Mrs. Eugene Laviolet
 Alec Watson—at the Lamacque Gold Mine, Quebec.

At the Hollinger Mine

Stan Walsh Jim Pond

Bill Drew

Wiljo Salo—his friends at the Timmins High are very sorry to know that he is ill and wish him a speedy recovery.

Soon the clocks will have ticked their way through another year, and a new set of graduates will go out from the school. We hope that they will be as successful in finding their places in life as those named above—this year's Alumni.



Esther Shub
Photograph by Bain Studio.

Toronto, Ont.,
March 15, 1935

Dear Undergrads of T. H. and V. S.—

The alumni editor has kindly requested me to write a short address on my life at college, for the coming issue of the *Porcupine Quill*.

Those of you who will be coming to the University next year will, I am sure, not be disappointed. From the moment you set foot on the campus you are swept away by the exciting events which take place one after another throughout the year—the sorority and fraternity “rushes”, the numerous formal and informal parties, the plays, debates and sports. Probably most of you are already looking forward to those famous inter-collegiate rugby games.

The academic life of the student is, in its own way, undoubtedly as fascinating and as interesting as the social life. It varies con-

siderably, depending on the course in which you are enrolled—different courses following different routines. As long as you are enrolled in a course in which you are interested and which offers you subjects you enjoy I can assure you that you will spend many a pleasant hour during your academic life.

In closing may I extend to you all heartiest wishes for your success in all your undertakings—both present and future.

Sincerely yours
ESTHER SHUB

* * *
89 St. George Street,
Toronto, Ont.,
March 3rd, 1935

The Students,
Timmins High and Vocational School
Dear Friends:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I write to your magazine, and I trust that my brief letter will be of interest to you.

Perhaps the most valuable lesson to be learned from the college course is the broadened perspective resulting from friendly contacts with students coming from many different sections of the country.

A university education includes not only one's specialized study, but also social, intellectual and athletic diversions. In reference to the Engineering course, I would say that there is more work to be done than in some of the courses, but whether or not it is more difficult depends upon one's ability and interest.

Wishing you all success, I remain

Yours very truly,
HENRY J. OSTROWSKI

Scene III: “THE CYANIDE PROCESS”

Our School Orchestra

Our school orchestra is becoming very important around this town. At first it played only at the “Literary Society” meetings. Then, having gained a little courage, it supplied the music for our dramatic nights. As a final step, on Thursday, February twenty-eight, the orchestra was brought to our local radio station, CKGB, where the boys played

several selections. To make things more complete there were two solo numbers.

For an orchestra that has practised for only five months or so, its music is pleasing. What spoils the whole effect is that the majority of instruments in the orchestra are violins. This merely means that we have several Rubinoffs, Kreizlers and Heifetzs in the making. They

play their marches in a very tantalizing manner. There is no lack of proof of that. Sit down in one of our "Lits" and listen to the effect of one of the orchestral marches on the pupils. There begins a trampling as of soldiers on the march beating time to the music.

Now to give you an idea of what the orchestra looks like when it plays a selection. Of course an orchestra would not be complete without the traps; so one of the boys has undertaken to beat time. There are several Hawaiian guitars, a trombone, a saxophone, and something that sounds like a trumpet which I have not been able to see. To complete the picture there is a piano. On the floor, the orchestra forms a well-spread-out V

At the beginning of the selection, Mr. Mitchell steps out in front of the orchestra and waves his wand about several times. At a

given twist of the wrist we hear the piano start up, followed by the rest of the instruments. The funny part of it is the forest of violin bows moving up and down to the rhythm of the piece. Through the selection the conductor goes through all kinds of wonderful movements. But that is a characteristic of all orchestra leaders. By a series of flicks of the wand, Mr. Mitchell leads the orchestra into a wonderful finale that can be heard all over the school.

I hope the orchestra continues doing good work. It will be the talk of the town before long. It will do the boys and girls in it good; and if any one of our musicians turns out to be a Rubinoff or some such celebrity we shall be proud of the fact that the North, as well as the South, can produce musicians.

WILHO SIVUNEN



Orchestra

Conductor: Mr. L. J. Mitchell; Piano: G. Darling; Violins: Mike Kostynyk, David Gordon, Ted Byck, Merton Lake, Franklin MacNamara, Carl Horwitz, Marguerite Lalonde, Gordon Lawry, Fernando de Luca, Ward Allen, Bruce Pritchard, Sam Habib; Guitars: George Roy, Iris McDermott, Ruth du Feu, Leo Barrette; Cornet: Warren Carver; Horn: Bill Jackson; Trombone: Don Mortson; Drums, Albert Hornby.



"The Grand Cham's Diamond"

From left to right—Edward McLellan as Mr. Perkins; Cecil Linder as The Stranger; Valerie Morley as Mrs. Perkins; Ambrose Killeen as Albert; Barbara Lucas as Polly Perkins.

Play directed by Miss McNamara.



"Romance of the Willow-Pattern Plate"

From left to right—Naser Ansara as a Property Man; Jean Lochrie as Koong-See, the Mandarin's daughter; Earl Walden as Chang, his secretary; Lloyd Black as The Mandarin; Anton Harting as an Incense Bearer.

Play directed by Miss Goettler and Miss Mackey.



"The Crimson Cocanut"

From left to right: Kauno Wessman as Robert, the waiter; Bob Mitchell as Jack Pincher; Aare Kivi as Nitro Gliserinski; Anastasia Wojciechowski as Madam Gliserinski; Lloyd Black as Mr. Jobstick; Annie Kramaruk as Mary Jobstick.

Play directed by Miss Garrow.

The Timmins High and Vocational Schools Annual Theatre Nights

The students of the Timmins High and Vocational Schools held their annual theatre nights in February. There were three plays put on for two nights, and both performances were attended by a large and appreciative audience. The actors chosen for the plays were well adapted to their parts. The lighting effects achieved by the Technical boys under the supervision of Mr. Vogel were excellent, and the costumes of the players fashioned by the Commercial girls were effective. The acting of the students was pleasing and the talent of a few was quite unusual. The plays were ably directed by teachers of the school.

GERALDINE LOUESA BEAUDIN

Junior Literary Society

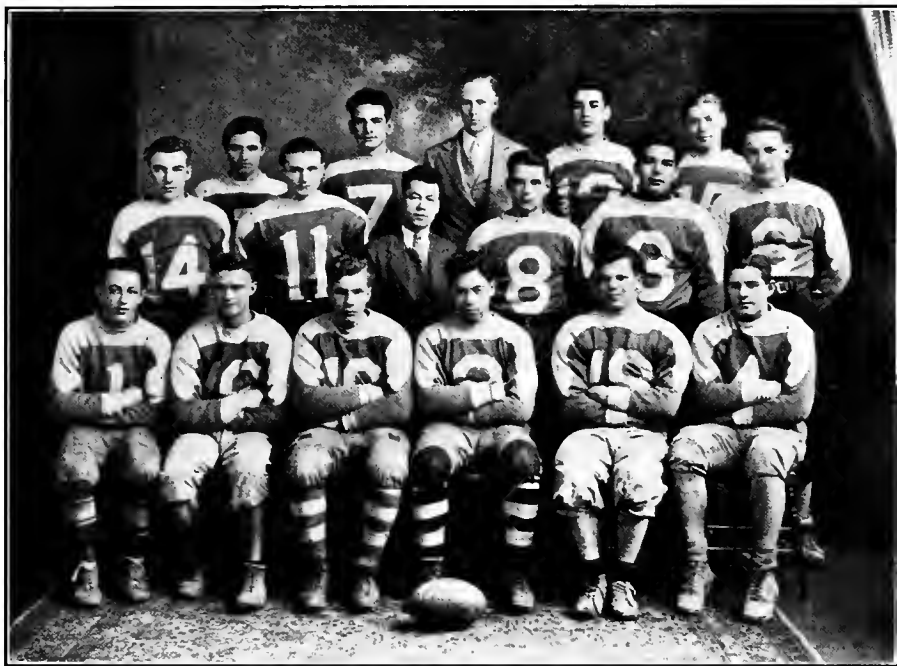
President	Jim Lee
Vice-President	Edward Mazzuka
Secretary	Florence Baderski
Treasurer.....	Peter Ostrosser

Senior Literary Society

President	Don Hogarth
Vice-President	Marion Ostrosser
Secretary	Ambrose Killeen
Treasurer	Bob Mitchell

* * *

Johnny (just moving into his new lodgings)
When I left my last place the landlady wept.
Landlady—Well, young man, I won't. You'll pay me in advance.



1934-35 T. H. & V. S. Rugby Team

Front Row from left to right—J. Sauve, C. Lafranier, F. Everard, S. Finkleman, M. Everard, R. McPhail

Middle Row from left to right—Bob Mitchell (captain), G. Andruchuck, Mr. F. Gauthier, J. McKenna, D. Hensby, B. Barilko.

Back Row from left to right—J. Denisavitch, M. Villeneuve, Mr. H. J. Runnalls, L. Millette, Dick Craft. Absent—Mr. D. McCallum, Coach, Senior Rugby.

Scene IV: "THE AGITATOR"

Rugby

At last came the first day of the school year. The lonely halls began to murmur and re-echo with the voices of the boys and girls glad to be back at school. All through the building voices were enquiring, "Where's Mr. McCallum? What time do we practice? What kind of a team are we going to have this year?"

Now the year is nearly gone, and the season but a memory of the glory of which we dedicate this chronicle.

As soon as school really began Mr. McCallum called for volunteers for trials to find the fittest material for the senior rugby team. Practice began in earnest, and before long the team began to show its now far-famed integrity and esprit-de-corps.

On September 15th Mr. McCallum decided to give his impatient charges their baptism of fire. Accordingly he arranged a game against that gallant and fearless team of ex-students, the "Do or Dies." Again and again the school players dashed themselves against this body of skilled veterans, but in vain. We lost 16—0. Nothing would do the boys but to get a return game. At this point we will let you read what the chronicles reveal.

October 4th, 1934: Do or Dies 12—T.H.S. 12. Press Quotation—"Outstanding for T. H. S. was Marcel Everard who intercepted a lateral pass and scored the first touchdown of the season and Lloyd Chisholm who crossed the line as the final man in a fine extension play."

October 6th 1934: "The whole Timmins team played a fine brand of rugby all through the game. Finkleman, Chisholm and Andru-chuck were especially effective."

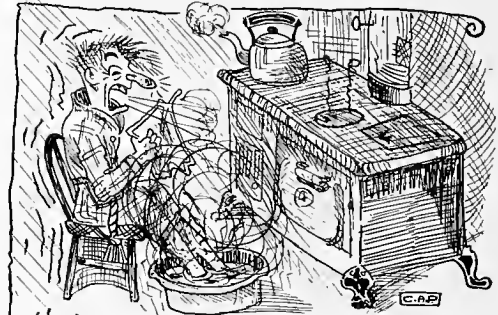
October 20th, 1934:—Cochrane 5—T.H.S. 22 "It would be unfair to pick stars on the Timmins team. They all played good foot-ball. Chisholm stands out for his three touchdowns, but one cannot forget the men in the line who made them possible. Frank Everard for his plunging, the two Berardines for their tackling, and Marcel Everard for his plunging and excellent work in the line were standouts."

October 22nd, 1934: South Porcupine 5—T. H. S. 1—"The Timmins team lacked spirit and treated the game as a joke. A bitter wind swept the field and the cold weather caused many fumbles." Marcel Everard was still on the injured list and C. Lafreniere was off permanently with a broken collarbone."

November 3rd, 1934—South Porcupine 0—T. H. S. 6—"All the scoring honours of the

day went to L. Chisholm who scored the touch and convert."

November 7th, 1934—Kirkland Lake 9—T. H. S. 5—"Fighting from the first whistle players of the Timmins line were all outstanding. Frank Everard and M. Villeneuve shone brightly, with Marcel Everard achieving a large portion of the limelight with a twenty-five yard plunge."



Hockey

"Plying with speed my partnership of legs"

Unlike last year's record, the High School hockey team was as successful this year as the rugby squad. One of the chief reasons for the success of this year's team was the good support given by the student body. With the exception of Frank Everard, all of this year's players were new, and next year, with more experience, should win their group. After Mr. McOallum's departure Mr. Tanner took over the coaching duties and it was largely due to his efforts that the team enjoyed such success.

In the first game of the season the Timmins boys started off on the right foot by trouncing Schumacher 8—1. In this game Joe Delmonte was high scorer for Timmins, but Budzak and Sarmiento also played good hockey. Jim Heath was the star for the losers. The Schumacher team showed that with a little more experience they will give any team a real battle.

On January 18th, Timmins journeyed to Iroquois Falls to play the Falls' High School. Our boys suffered a bad attack of home sickness and were defeated 5—2.

On Friday, February 3rd, we were at home to South Porcupine and defeated the Porkies 3—0. The High School team were the only Timmins team to beat one from South Porcupine this year. In this game Sarmiento and Joe Delmonte were outstanding for Timmins.

Timmins then went to Cochrane where they were blanked by the Cochrane team. This was billed as an exhibition game because some of the Cochrane team were not attending school, and were therefore not eligible for league games.

At South Porcupine, the Timmins team defeated South Porcupine 7—0. This gave Timmins two wins over South Porcupine in their two-games series. This was in marked contrast to last year's results, when we lost both games to South Porcupine.

On Friday, February 22nd, the Cochrane team came to Timmins and defeated our boys 6—1. Theriault and Budzak were the best of the Timmins boys. Frank Everard played a fine game in goal. Stevens was outstanding for Cochrane.



1934—1935 T. H. & V. S. Hockey Team

Front Row from left to right—M. Budzak, E. Richer, J. Delmonte, M. Theriault, H. Charlebois, J. Lake

Back Row from left to right—F. Sarmiento, L. Baderski, F. Everard, L. Brown, Mr. Tanner.

This left only one game of the regular schedule to be played. Timmins and Iroquois Falls were tied for the league leadership, each having had four victories and one defeat. Iroquois Falls then journeyed to Timmins for the final game to decide who would meet the winner of the southern group.

In Iroquois Falls, Timmins met a well-coached team. With only three minutes to play and the score, Timmins 4, Iroquois Falls

3, the visitors rapped home a goal and tied the game. In the overtime period, the Timmins team seemed to have shot their bolt. They could not stop the fast three-men rushes of the Iroquois Falls team, who went on to win the game 6—4, and with it the championship of the N.O.S.S.A.

It is to be hoped that the coming hockey teams of the T. H. & V. S. will do as well as the High School team of 1935.

Boy's Basketball Team

Rod "Runt" Walsh: forward:

The only member of last year's team available. A steady player and a sure shot.

"Bobbie" Mitchell: centre:

Our new arrival from Detroit. A threat every time he secures the ball, a clever playmaker, and usually, top scorer.

"Corky" Copps: forward:

Captain on the front line with Walsh and Mitchell, and the fastest breaking player on the team.

"Sam" Finkleman: defence:

A steady player, a hard worker and a hard man to beat.

"Stampy" Andruchuk: defence:

"Stampy" is developing into a beautiful defence player. Watch him.

"Don" Hensby: forward:

"Don" usually gathers a few points for his team, and makes some beautiful plays.

"Bruno" Bernadi: forward:

A young player who is rapidly becoming of more value to his team. Watch Bruno next year.

"Louie" Millette: centre:

"Louie" gets little chance to show what he can do, but when he does get on the floor, no player works harder.

"Tom" Moore:

"Tom" is our utility man. He fits in at all positions, and plays each position well.

Mr. Neil Runnalls: coach.



Basketball

This year's senior basketball team, while not as powerful as last year's should be able to make a good showing.

At present the T. H. & V. S. team is leading the Town League with two victories and one defeat. Considering the fact that two of the teams in the town league are made up of more experienced players, this is a very creditable record for our team.

In the first game of the schedule played in our gym, the T. H. & V. S. team defeated Schumacher High School by the score of 19—16.

At Schumacher our boys eked out a 19—17 victory over the Schumacher town team.

On Wednesday, March 27, Schumacher evened things up by beating our boys 25—22 in the Schumacher gym.

The basketball boys certainly appreciate the interest which Mr. N. Runnalls has taken in their games and thank him very much for assuming the duties of the basketball coach when Mr. McCallum resigned at Christmas.

* * *

President Boys' Ath. Society.....	Frank Everard
Vice-President	Marcel Everard
Secretary	Victor Copps
Treasurer	Louis Baderski

* * *

President Girls' Ath. Society.....	Annie Lukon
Vice-President	Elise Wallingford
Sec.-Treas.	Mary Stachow

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and all types of crest work see

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PHONE 483



Girls' Basketball Team

Back Row from left to right—Frances Bobinski, Nellie Plioplas, Miss Tennant (Coach), Mary Stachow (Captain), Louise Abraham.

Front Row from left to right—Barbara Hawse, Alice Villeneuve, Lorraine Charron, Mary Volchuk.

Senior Girls' Basketball

Basketball is the chief athletic pastime during the winter in every high school; so it is the favourite game with the girls in our school. This year the girls' team followed in the footsteps of last year's team and after diligent practice and good training ranked second in the Northern Girls' Basketball League.

The first game was played at Cochrane on January 18. This was a very close game; in fact it was a tie. The score was 16-16. Then a Timmins forward made a basket and the whistle blew. There was doubt then as to whether she had thrown the ball before the whistle blew or after; so they gave a point to each team. The game ended still tied. The next game was played at Timmins with South Porcupine. The Timmins sextet lost this game by one point, the score being 23-22. On January 30th the girls went to Iroquois Falls where they played a winning game. As the high school at Iroquois Falls has no gymnasium the game was played in a large room at the mill. The second and last game lost

by the Timmins girls was to South Porcupine. This was a very exciting game, as our girls were ahead for a while but were unable to hold out against the South Porcupine stars, and the game ended with the score of 25-21. After this the girls found it plain sailing and they won four games in succession. The last game was played with the Cochrane girls at Timmins High School. After the game a dance was held in the auditorium and for every basketball fan the evening ended as enjoyably as it began.

The final results of the games were: South Porcupine first, winning eight straight games; Timmins second, winning five, tying one, and losing two to South Porcupine; Cochrane third.

Girls' Basketball team:—Coach—Miss Tennant; forwards—Alice Villeneuve, Barbara Hawse, Lorraine Charron, Mary Stachow; guards—Mary Volchuk, Frances Bobinski, Louise Abraham, Nellie Plioplas.

MARGUERITE SMITH

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"



There is only one fault to be set against all the good points of a hobby. That is, it is always asking a boy to leave his work and come and enjoy himself with his hobby. And it is hard to resist such a call.

STUART SCOTT

My Scrapbook

I remember, oh so well, how I came to start my scrapbook—

I had received two very pretty scenes and since it was impossible to crowd more on the walls of my room, I began to rack my brain for some solution. Suddenly the idea came to me—why not keep a scrapbook? The result is that I have four.

My first two books are divided into departments under the headings: Scenery, Babies, Poems, and Pot-Pourri. The last two books are utterly without class divisions. I put into them any picture that appeals to me. Not long ago I made one of my most precious additions to the book—the picture of some adorable kittens and puppies in wicker baskets. They look so soft and cud-

dlesome that I wish they were alive, although my mother doesn't. She keeps thinking of the task of piloting them up and down our stairs.

A scrapbook is also a source of education. From the pictures in mine I have learned the names and locations of more places than I learned at school. I know something of what people in other lands look like and the great beauty of the world smiles at me from its pages; for part of my scrapbook is a sort of photograph gallery. Within me there is an underlying hope that I may some day see at least a few of these wonders. But, now, while waiting, I have the joy of looking at them in my books, and dreaming of what may be.

ENNIE HONKALA

Aquaria and Aquarium Pets

If an aquarium census were taken, the total of homes possessing aquaria would be surprisingly high. This total could be greatly increased if more people knew how easy it is to keep an aquarium. Fish are very interesting and have many advantages over other pets, for they are neither dirty, nor noisy and they have no odour which we can detect through the water. There is no great worry in taking care of an aquarium. It is true that fish should have regular attention, but in the case of an enforced absence, we may return with the certainty that our pets are still alive and well. The study of the life habits of fishes adds a great deal to our knowledge of natural history. An aquarium is thus instructive as well as ornamental.

An aquarium should be so constructed that a large surface of water will be exposed to the air. This is important, as the fish depend upon the air dissolved in the water for breathing. It is advisable to have plants in the aquarium, for, not only do they add to the appearance and give naturalness to the aquarium, but they give off oxygen for the fish. The fish in turn exhale carbon dioxide to be absorbed by the plants. Plants give off oxygen only when exposed to sunlight, therefore the surface of water exposed to the air must be extensive enough to store up a supply of air sufficient for the fish to

use during the night. The plants also help to keep the sand fresh and if enough snails are kept in the aquarium, these little scavengers will clean the glass sides and eat up excess food and other refuse. With an aquarium balanced in this way the water needs to be changed very seldom. The temperature maintained in an aquarium is also an important factor for the health of its occupants. Goldfish thrive in temperatures ranging from fifty-five to seventy degrees, but tropical fish require temperatures from sixty-five to eighty degrees.

The Chinese and Japanese have originated many beautiful variations of the original goldfish stock. The common goldfish is well known and is probably the hardiest of aquarium fishes. Generations of goldfish have lived in crystal prisons hardly big enough for them to turn around in. Of the fancy goldfish, the Comet and the Fantail show the most remarkable tail and fin formations. The Telescope goldfish has large protruding eyes, as his name implies, and is brilliantly coloured. The Lionhead, Shubunkin and Veiltail are other variations of fancy goldfish which are becoming increasingly popular.

In recent years great interest has been aroused by the introduction of tropical fish. About one hundred varieties can be procured

rather easily. These fish are called "tropicals" because they are natives of tropical countries, the tropics of Asia, Africa and the Americas. They are somewhat smaller than goldfish and at first sight are not as flashy. In strong sunlight, however, they sparkle with an iridescence which goldfish lack. Their habits are much more interesting than those of goldfish and a few of their domestic relationships are so weird that the average person scoffs when told the plain truth about some of these interesting pets.

The following are descriptions of some of the varieties of Tropicals which the writer has observed in his own "tanks." The commoner varieties fall under the following general headings:—Live-bearers (viviparous), Bubble-nest builders, Cichlids, Barbs, Danios and Characins.

Of the live-bearers, the guppy are the commonest and best known. The males are less than an inch long, of brilliant rainbow colouring with black spots, no two marked exactly alike; the females are longer, bulkier and dull silver-coloured. The next best are the platyi or "moons," which are ultramarine, gold-yellow, copper-red, pure red, black, or hybrid in colour. Of the helleri, the Mexican swordtails are the most interesting. The longitudinal red stripe on the green body changes to a yellow and black stripe as it passes into the tail and although the tail of the female is the ordinary "fantail," that of the male becomes a long-drawn-out pointed streamer.

The characteristic of the bubble nest builders is that in spawning time the male builds a nest composed of bubbles formed from a mucous generated in his mouth at this period. The male shows off before his mate, and as she spawns, he takes the eggs one by one into his mouth, attaches a bubble, and floats them up into the fairy nest. In a few days the eggs hatch and the young fish begin to wriggle. Every once in a while a baby fish falls out of the nest, whereupon the male takes it in his mouth, attaches a bubble, and floats it back into the aquatic cradle. This goes on until the young fish are able to care for themselves. During this whole period the male will not allow any fish to come near his nest and he asserts his position as the head of his household by

driving the mate away whenever she comes near. The paradise fish was one of the first tropicals of this type to be imported. Its colours vary according to the temperatures of the water and the state of excitement of the fish. They are generally dark in colour, dull red stripes against a blue background; in prime condition the ends of their tails sparkle with a brilliant metallic blue. Their fins and tails are quite long and can be spread at will. The gourami, less showy fishes, come under this classification. The bettas also belong to this group. They come in various brilliant colors and have extremely long fins and tails. One type is the famous cambodia which is bred by the Siamese



nobility; they match the males in fights, much as the Mexican matches gamecocks.

The cichlids, from Africa and South America, are noted for their pugnacity and for guarding their young. One very interesting variety, the "mouth-breeder," takes her own eggs after fertilization into her very large mouth and carries them around wherever she goes. As water circulation is required for most fish eggs, this is supplied through the action of the gills. In a few days the eggs hatch, but the young fish still keep to the mother's mouth. When they get older, they swim out occasionally to investigate their surroundings, but at the slightest sign of danger, they rush back again into the maternal jaw. As fish eggs and young fish are among the choicest tid-bits of fish-food, and as most fish are cannibalistic, it is a wonder that the mother is not tempted to swallow a

few of her progeny, but during this whole period the mother fish cannot be induced to take any food. The jewel fish, although very beautiful with its blue spots on red, cannot be introduced into an aquarium with other fish, as he is a born thug. He pulls up plants, wrecks bubble nests, murders other fish and chews the fins and tail off his own mate. He's no gentleman! The scalare, or angel fish is really the only peaceable member of this family and is known as the "King of Aquarium Fishes." The accompanying drawing best describes this fish, with his widespread fins and tail, his streaming "feelers," and transverse black bars across pearly opalescent background. He becomes quite tame and will feed from one's fingers.

Of the other classes mentioned there are no very striking members except perhaps the striped danios or "zebras," which, always on the qui vive, add greatly to the activity of the aquarium.

In stocking an aquarium it is well to select varieties which will live harmoniously together; otherwise there will be considerable loss of life until adjustment is completed.

A collection of fishes is not only an artistic adornment to a home, school, office, or hospital ward, but is also a source of never-ending interest and amusement. There is seemingly always something of great importance going on in an aquarium. The colourful denizens are always hurrying here and scurrying there. We love beauty. We love mystery. The aquarium supplies both.

Historical Pictures

"I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history."

My hobby is gathering historical pictures. I can find them in many magazines, newspapers, and books.

When we were in Senior IV we were told to make an art folio. We drew slips to find out what our topics should be, and mine was historical pictures. I went home wondering where I could get such things, and I was not in a very good mood. Dad asked me the reason for this, and so I told him.

"Well," he said, "That will be easy." But I still didn't think so.

I sat down and opened a book, forgetting all about my topic. On the first page there was a picture of a ruined building. As I looked more closely I saw that it was a castle. Suddenly I thought "This might be a historical picture." Excited and out of breath, I ran to Dad and asked him why it was there. He laughed and said, "Well, I told you this would be interesting. You have a historical

picture in your hand. That's Kenilworth Castle."

From that time on I became very keen in my search. Dad was as interested as I. We were astonished at the number of places which we had thought were of no importance until our search for pictures proved them to be famous. There were times when we weren't certain of the reason for the importance of places until we had looked them up in the dictionary and encyclopaedia. These historical pictures not only helped me; even Dad found out a number of facts he hadn't known.

Some of the outstanding pictures in my collection are:—Windsor Castle, where the British Royal family live; signing of the Magna Charta; Cleopatra, the glamorous Queen of Egypt; George Washington, the first president of the United States. These are only a few of the interesting pictures in my collection.

CHERRY GAUTHIER

"Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done:"

F. W. H. Myers

Every page has something of interest to you.

Coach Building

Building miniatures of famous coaches is a most interesting hobby and appeals to modern boys with a creative spirit. You do not need an expensive set of tools, or special wood and materials, to engage in this pursuit. In fact it is much more instructive to fashion almost everything you use yourself—to make special tools to go into all the little corners out of the ends of old files. Very few tools are necessary—some models have been built with little more than a jack-knife—and you can get almost all the material you need from box-wood and scrap lying around the house. To transform a bunch of junk into a masterpiece of beauty is an achievement worth while.

Not only is this pastime interesting, it is also instructive; for one must learn to be patient and precise when working on little things if he wishes to create a beautiful example of craftsmanship.

There are many coaches which may be built—the glamorous Royal Mail of England with its bevy of armed guards, the stage-coach of such importance in the last century—bringing back the spirit of the bad old days. Then there is the famous Napoleonic coach in which Napoleon rode to his coronation, and other notable examples of coachcraft worth copying.

JAMES BROWN

Bulb Growing

Growing bulbs is an interesting hobby. It is fun to watch for the first sign of life, to see the first green sprout poking its head upward, and to wait patiently for the bud. And when the bud opens, and there is a beautiful flower, we are more than repaid for the time we have spent, and only wish we had planted more.

I planted paper-white narcissus for the first time, last fall. A dish of pebbles, a

sunny window, and water enough to cover the pebbles are all that is necessary. The paper-white narcissus can be placed in the sunshine as soon as they are planted, and when they bloom they fill the room with a fragrant perfume.

Bulbs in the home during the winter make spring seem a little nearer, especially in Timmins, where our winters are so long and flowers are so scarce.

A. C. M.

Architecture

Ever since I can remember I have been interested in buildings, but it was only last year that I conceived the idea of collecting pictures of them. I had to make a scrap book for my school work, in which were to be pictures of buildings as well as of many other things.

When the book was complete, I discovered that I had unconsciously saved many pictures of architecture that appealed to me, and had stored them away in portfolios, or whatever it was convenient to keep them in. In this way I began what is now a fascinating hobby.

One of my most prized pictures is of a ferryboat built for fun making. The ferryboat is really a grown-up play house, and is used especially for entertaining. The building is an exact duplicate of a ferryboat, with

pilot house, life boats, deck, and iron gates complete. The prow of the boat is realistically resting in the water of a large swimming pool, and the whole effect is made beautiful by trees.

It is great fun to look at a plan and imagine what the house would look like. It is even more fun to imagine what the man who made the plans is like. Is he really interested in his work? Has he imagination? Does he like comfort? Does he think of others rather than of himself? I find the answers to these questions in the plans.

Even after writing this long, and exceedingly dry account, about which, despite my efforts to make it interesting, you will doubtless exclaim: "How dreadfully boring!" I can still truthfully say that I am very much interested in architecture.

BARBARA LUCAS

Mineral Collecting

Are you looking for an excellent hobby, one that will hold your interest the whole year round? I have one that will fill the bill. It is the collecting of minerals.

I began my collection when I came across a piece of pyrite. Of course, I thought it was gold, and took it home as a treasure. It was not long until I had a box filled with different minerals, and it soon became evident that a mineral collection could not be kept in a mere shoe-box. In the next few months I spent my time making a cabinet in which to keep my treasures. In it there was room for over two hundred specimens. Its construction afforded me many hours of pleasure. When I had made a large number of small

boxes to fit the drawers, and had equipped myself with a pile of paper labels, I was ready to start a real collection. With the help of a text-book on mineralogy, I classified the worth-while minerals, which included malachite from the Belgian Congo, lapis lazuli from Chile, asbestos from Quebec, iolite from Norway, garnets from Alaska, and silver from Cobalt. The collection increased with such rapidity that it now contains more than one hundred species of rock.

I also collect stamps, but the majority of my hobby-hours are spent on my collection of minerals. When you pick up a crystal of amethyst, you may be holding an actual piece of South Africa in your hand.

ESSES

Stamp Collecting

Stamp collecting is one of the most interesting hobbies. It is the hobby of sheiks, of American millionaires, of sporting Englishmen, and it is also that of a large number of children throughout the world.

I am just one of a thousand Canadian boys who have chosen stamp collecting as a hobby. Like all these boys I love to show my inexpensive, but neat, little collection. It is an interesting pastime. I believe that every boy tries to make his collection more complete than that of his friends.

I first took stamps off the letters received at home. Friends began to help me, and now I am the proud possessor of a collection containing over four hundred foreign stamps.

Stamp collecting is slow work and many stamps are difficult to obtain.

The most important stamp of my collection is a Russian stamp with a picture of the Czar of Russia. I also have a stamp of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Valuable stamps have been found in small collections. President Roosevelt and Premier Bennett own valuable stamp collections. This hobby is now a form of trade. Valuable stamp collections are auctioned in stamp markets all over the world.

I may have neglected my hobby at one time or another, but still I maintain that it is the most interesting hobby of all.

"DAVY JONES"

Act IV

Surface Showings

Scene I: "WINTER OPERATIONS"

"There's no place like home"

Dear Jean:

If you were to come to Timmins during the Winter months you would find it very different from your Southern Ontario home.

The mornings are for the most part, cold and foggy, and before you know it, your hair and eyelashes are covered with frost. It

snows nearly every night, and in the morning, the snowplow, followed by a troop of children, is pulled slowly down the drifted streets, by a frost-covered horse.

The town is always busy and full of life. Children are everywhere — children with skates over their shoulders, on skis, or on

sleds pulled by dogs—fine husky-looking dogs. of no special breed or variety but with a loyal, trustworthy look. The jingle of sleigh bells is often heard on the main street and a team of horses drawing cutters full of people covered with fur robes, is not an infrequent sight.

One of the oddities of the town is the little green houses that are placed over the hydrants to prevent them from freezing, during very cold weather. They are not unlike dog-houses, and are the source of much laughter and inquiry from visitors. Another curiosity is the overhead tent, that is placed on the telegraph wires while cables are being put up.

Many of the houses are bare and unpainted, with porches open below, showing the four posts on which they are built. This gives them a rather unstable appearance. The houses improve, however, as you approach what is commonly known as "the Hill"; here they have a more settled comfortable look. The absence of trees around the houses and throughout the town is very noticeable to strangers, but residents of Timmins do not seem to miss them. The miners' houses are another of the town peculiarities. They are

small, box-like affairs, each being exactly the same size and shape as its equally box-like neighbour.

Evening in Timmins is the nicest time. The west becomes a glory of crimson, orange and emerald. The lovely tints are never the same for an instant, and their changing beauty is reflected on the white snow. The picture made by the low, blue mountains with the black sentinel-like fir trees outlined against them, in the distance, and the teams of plodding horses, pulling logs to the mill, in the foreground is one never to be forgotten by a beauty lover. Gradually the rosy glow in the west fades, and night draws her dark curtains about the winter world. The stars come out, one by one—twinkly, friendly stars that seem to be near enough to reach. Just outside the town a blaze of lights that themselves look like a myriad of sparkling stars, but that are, in reality, the lights of the famous Hollinger Gold Mine, flash a cheery "good-night."

There are many other interesting sights in Timmins, but I should like you to have a few surprises when you come to visit us.

SHEILA LANG



Hollinger Mine by Night

Courtesy of Mr. J. S. Kitchen

How I Learned to Ski

"Go down, Armand, you'll not fall, I betcha! Why, I did it just now!"

I looked dubiously at the hill, which I was then on the very top of, at my skis, and finally at myself. I thought I was very young yet to die, but only to show I was no coward, I would do it! Yes, I would ski down that big hill!

With a brave sweep of my arms, I let myself go. At first the going was slow, but soon the speed increased until I could no longer see because of my eyes being full of water. Here, I let the skis guide my course (I don't think I could have guided them myself had I tried).

About halfway down the hill, my left ski started to leave the ground. Then the first thing I knew, I was not touching the ground at all, but was off it completely! But I did not remain long in the air. With a crash and a jar, I landed on my back and rolled over to the bottom of the hill. I was so

tangled up in my skis, that I could not extricate myself. My companions ran down the hill, untied my skis, and lifted me up. Painfully, oh, very painfully, I rubbed my sore joints.

All of a sudden, the whole crowd started laughing, and to this day I do not know why. But they laughed, and laughed, and laughed! Angrily taking my skis I ascended the hill, fastened them to my feet, and pushed myself off again. This time, I went farther down the hill but with the same results. Hurt and determined, I again went up, and again achieved the same results. This went on and on until at last, I did it! Oh, how happy I was! I made that hill numberless times on that day, and did not fall once! I tried other hills and skied down them triumphantly.

I was the happiest boy in Timmins that day, for I knew how to ski!

ARMAND LACHAPELLE



Up here, motorists who do not trust the snow-ploughs, have devised a contraption to be independent of them. In place of the front wheels of a car, are skis, and in place of the back ones are caterpillar wheels. This snow-car makes plenty of noise, but serves its purpose well.

At night all you can see of the mill is a myriad of twinkling lights in the darkness. Looking down to the river valley, you can trace the course of the streets by the street lamps. The scene looks very beautiful and unreal. Above all these lights shine the bright and friendly stars.

IDA WILLIAMS

* * *

An amateur skier named Pete,
Found it hard to stand up on his feet,
When his skis 'gan to slide,
He lost part of his hide,
And had to go home in a sheet.

REG. ARMBRUST

* * *

You will be awakened at seven o'clock the first morning by the Hollinger whistle. We do not need alarm clocks to waken us to get to school in time; that is the whistle's job.

In Timmins, the landscape, like the sky, is very lovely. In the distance, Mountjoy stands covered with snow and surrounded by a dark fringe of trees.

In the evening, the smoke coming out of the chimneys makes ghostly images outlined against the dark sky.

LILY FELDMAN

* * *

I wish you could come up to visit Timmins in winter. You would be struck by the difference from your own city. The snow is more plentiful and much cleaner. The roofs are covered with snow and sparkle in the sunshine. The sky is whiter and clearer. The sun shines all day long.

At night the moon shines brightly and the whiteness of the ground illumines the sky. We can even see the cold here. When it is far below zero, a whitish fog wraps the town.

Many French signs are seen in Timmins. There is one on the town hall and one on the fire hall, and there are some on the stores. On the road leading out of town is a sign which says "Au revoir," and "Bienvenu," as well as "Farewell" and "Welcome."

MADELINE SAUVE

Scene II: "SPRING and SUMMER OPERATIONS"

When Spring is Here

"Spring! and a million cars out.
Spring! and their motors hum.
And—that is a wise saying—
Spring when you see them come!"

Spring is here! The most wonderful season in the whole year! Everything is coming back—flowers, leaves, mosses, birds. Everything and everybody is coming back.

When you see robin redbreast in your back yard, you know that spring is here. And if you are a lucky and observant person, you may see his nest.

Out in the woods, down by the stream, little pussy willows, looking like soft gray kittens, swing over the water on their long slender stems. You can almost see the pussies smiling at you.

The earth in the woods smells fragrant and clean. A velvet carpet of green covers

the country, while, underneath the pine trees, there is a carpet of pine needles, six inches thick and so soft and springy that it feels like a feather bed. Just to take deep breaths of pure air, mingled with the scent of pine and cedar trees, makes you glad to be alive.

Here we find marsh marigolds: their name tells you where they grow, and what colour they are. Perhaps, right beside them, you may find mountain laurel, a beautiful pink or rose star-shaped flower, characteristic of the north. Tiny dainty violets, mauve and white, grow everywhere, so that you have to watch where you walk, for fear of stepping on some of them.

On rocky ground, wild roses grow in profusion, scenting the countryside with their fragrance. Around and about frogs sing, and toads hop among the bushes. A shy rabbit scuttles across the path. As yet, there are no

The PORCUPINE QUILL

bothersome black flies and mosquitoes, but we occasionally see a bumble bee.

Around the bases of stumps, under bushes and trees, little pink flowers come peeking out from beneath green leaves. These flowers are called trailing arbutus, and you have to hunt to find them, they are so elusive. Lifting up the green leaves very carefully, for most beautiful things are hidden, you find

pink and white clusters of arbutus, each little blossom perfect in every way, with a fragrance very fresh and different from any other flower.

Lying down in the woods so you can look up at the sky, you see tiny white clouds chasing each other. They are so happy, and you can almost hear them whispering "Spring is here again!"

ELLEN HARKNESS

"Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie."

Spring

The skating is over;
The skiing is done;
We must indulge
In some other fun.

The ice has gone
From the river deep;
And air is fresh
And good for sleep.

The sunsets are
A golden red,
And now it is hard
To go to bed.

The chocolate rabbits
Will soon be here;
For Eastertide
Is drawing near.

The flowers are budding,
The birds are here,
The brooks are running;
So spring is here.

JACK TAYLOR, AID

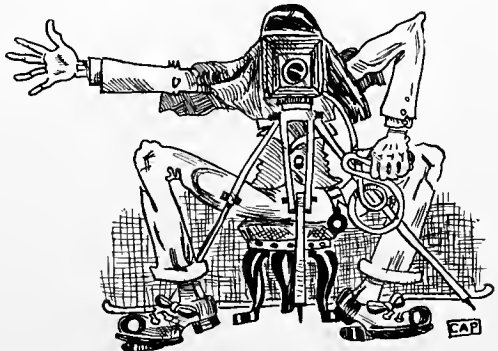
INTERMISSION

We have all looked at daguerreotypes in the family album—doubtless with aching sides. Let us advance fifty years into the future . . .

You are seated, comfortably we hope, in your super-scientifically-designed chair, enjoying your old age and dreaming of the good old days when you went to High School to the merrily-whistled tune of "School-days." parodied. Suddenly you are struck by a memory. Once the shock is over, you pull yourself together and examine it. Lo and behold! It is a memory of the day the "Quill" pictures were taken—away back in 1935. You press one of the many buttons on your super-scientific chair, and a copy of that now famous magazine jumps out of a slot. You turn to the pictures and gaze. Alas! On that day of days when you faced the camera with your blood all a-tingle and feeling as proud as punch—what you thought to be a Roman frown you now find to be a dark sinister scowl; that cherubic smile to be an idiotic grin; that humble look to be a

sly squint; that soldierly bearing to resemble that of a weary ballet-dancer, that . . .

At this point in my prophecy let me remind you that old age laughs most loudly at jokes of which its own youth is the goat; and therefore by all rights you should at this moment be dying of laughter, as the camera man once more confronts you in these pages—fifty years from now!



When the Slip Gets By

The typographical error is a slippery thing
and sly,
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it some-
how will get by.
Till the forms are off the presses it is strange
how still it keeps,
It shrinks down in the corner, and it never
stirs or peeps
That typographical error, too small for
human eyes
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows
to mountain size:
The teacher stares with horror, then he pulls
his hair and groans;
The copy reader drops her head upon her
hands and moans—
The remainder of the issue may be clean
as clean can be,
But that typographical error is the only thing
you see. DOROTHY FRAPPIER, C3

Miss Richards—"Have you your Algebra
book here, Keith?"

Keith Powell—"No."

Miss Richards—"No what?"

Keith—"No Algebra book."

Mr. Fawcett (talking to one of his pupils
who had been working for some time in an
office) "How long have you been working,
Clare?"

Clare—"Since they threatened to fire me."

Francis (talking about Pat)—What I ad-
mire her for most is her exquisite taste in per-
fumery.

Anne—I see you let yourself be led by the
nose.

Employer (after dictating a letter to his
stenographer, who had been typing rapidly):
All right, Miss McGrath, please read the let-
ter back to me.

Orva (talking in a frightened voice)—
Please sir, would you mind dictating that
letter over again.

Employer (taking his feet off the desk
and biting his cigar in half in his anger)—
Why on earth do you want me to dictate it
over again.

Orva (bursting into tears)—Oh, please sir, I
forgot to put paper into my typewriter.

Latin Teacher—"What is an octopus?"

Jack Dewar—"Please, please, I can tell; it's
an eight-sided cat."

Hanc hasta haec for Missus Est to his ante
Bella for sum lux. A dum cur nox the puer
fallo on his nec. "A fui, mons Hanc for his
nos is num and he is viri and sic.

Leslie Thomson had received a bonus mark
for his Latin sight translation. Said Mc-
Kenna, "Shouldn't that word be "bonum"—
a good thing?" "Oh, no!" replied Leslie, "for
who ever heard of declining a bonus?"

Portrait of Our Pup

Teddy, Teddy, rough and ready,
Always bad, but always steady,
Knows no manners, heeds no scorn,
Has been loved since he was born.

When he's bathed he takes a chill,
And runs around as though he were ill,
Bares his teeth when he tries to smile,
Which makes the children run a mile.

He barks when angered, and runs when
scared,
And accepts a fight whenever he's dared;
He likes to chew shoes and tear boys' pants,
And whenever he does it, they caper and
dance.

He has a large voice for such a small dog,
And while eating his meals he's a bit of a
hog;
The teachers all love him, (of this there's
some doubt),
For when they are passing he puts them to
rout.

He has many dog friends, some good and
some bad,
When he's wearing his dog-coat they call
him a cad;
As for cats, he hates them with all his might,
And whenever he sees one he puts it to flight.

All things considered, he a bit of a pest,
But of all little puppies, we love him the best.

HERBIE LANGDON

Act V

New Prospects

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see."

Will you come with me for a trip to 1960? What you'll see will shock you, what you'll hear will thrill you, and what you'll feel—well, you'll see!

We're on our way! You ask what is this strange machine we ride in? You thrill to see the land ten feet below you, and marvel at the speed? Why, this just a Celeriform. It was invented 'way back in 1945, at the time the scientists discovered Phlanynx, the harness of air and gravity.

Ah! I see you recognize the district. Yes, we are in South Porcupine, on our way to Timmins, where I'll show you unbelievable changes and incredible inventions. In one minute we'll be there—And here we are! Don't be frightened! This ten-by-four cement enclosure which seems to startle you, is just my Celeriform's house. You see, when this machine was invented and when everyone got one because they were so cheap, the town knew they would have to find some way to house them. And so what once you knew as the Cyanide is now a resting place for every Celeriform in Timmins. You see how the tiny buildings are built on such a slope and at such an angle that each Celeriform flies right home from the air? Quite different from the old aeroplanes which required a whole lot to slow up in, are they not? But come, we must not loiter. You have only one hour to stay away from 1935, and I have much to show you yet.

You stop; you stare; you look around; at last you exclaim: "Is this our Timmins?" Yes, this is Timmins. The Timmins of 1960. I suppose you wonder where the garage is, the entrance in 1935 to Timmins. But you forget! No cars are needed now. And Itum is sold instead of gas—itum, which sells at 3c a gallon and which lasts for a week. Would you like to inspect the tiny building where it

is sold? Well, here we are. Will you meet its manager—Mr. J. Brovender?—meet?—but I see that you know each other.

I am sorry, but I am afraid we cannot stay. And now I have a splendid treat in store for you. We are going to visit the Timmins High and Vocational School. And we shan't have to walk either. We'll simply step on one of these ever-moving revolving sidewalks and—presto! we'll be there in two minutes! We're there—yes, we are—this is the High School. You don't recognize this immense building, do you?

Mr. Jacques Sauve, the principal, has arranged a tour of the rooms for us, and if time permits, we'll visit one form of each year. No, no, you don't have to walk—not in this school.

Do you see this small two-seater at the door? Every pupil rides to his classes in the morning in one. He must be there at 11 a.m. sharp.

One mile down this hall and we'll be with Form IV—May we come in, Miss Haines? You see the machine in the corner of the room? It is a sound absorber. The voices of the pupils are absorbed in it, and thus silence is maintained.

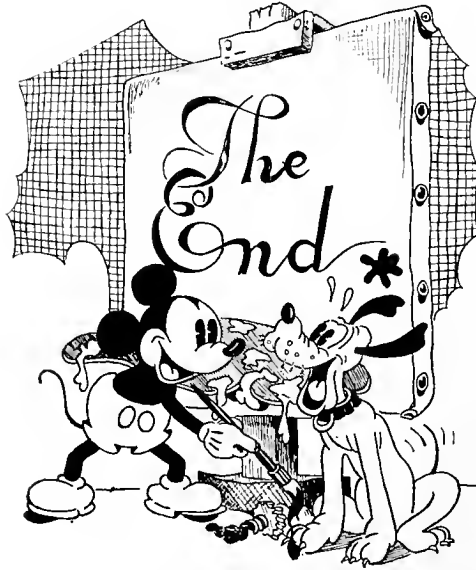
Now we're with Form V. The chap with his feet on the desk is Mr. L. Chisholm, who is giving an illustrated lecture on "The Benefits of Sleep." We'd love to stay and hear it, but time flies, and so must we.

Would you like to see the auditorium, with its tiers of seats and magnificent pipe-organ? Perhaps we'll even hear Mr. G. Darling playing the Moonlight Sonata, while Miss J. Stibbard vainly tries to teach her class to tango to it. Would you like to?—but alas! The clock strikes 3; the classes are over: and your hour is up.

JESSIE RAMSAY

Epilogue

"The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow-falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops
And looks around to say farewell."



"And what is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier!"

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Roman Beauty Culture

Beauty culture is one of the oldest of the arts, traceable to the world's childhood. Through the centuries, women have used preparations to beautify their skins and the Roman women were no exception. We have learned of their countless beauty preparations through the writings of the many beauty doctors, of whom the most important were Ovid and Crito.

The Romans preferred the tall, stately type of woman and one who had a full row of white teeth, long dark eyelashes, brows that just met between the eyes, and, above all, an unblemished complexion. There were many preparations to aid in attaining and keeping these beauty requirements. For the preservation of the teeth, many dentifrices were in use, chief of which was pumice, but such alternatives as the ashes of stag's horns, wolf's head and dog's teeth steeped in wine with honey were used. When teeth were lost, they were replaced by new ones of bone or ivory, held in place by gold wires.

Paint was used a great deal in the "making-up" of the eyes. This paint was made either of parched antimony or saffron, brought especially from Cilicia, and was used to make the eyes appear larger. If the brows failed to meet, paint was again used to remedy the defect.

The ladies of Rome were indeed careful of their complexions, as is frequently shown in the books written during those times. Beauty preparations for the care of the skin were countless, among them being even freckle and wrinkle removers. A favourite base was honey, which softened the skin and into which was mixed many and varied ingredients, each with their own duty in the process of beautification. For instance, beans were used to tighten the skin and remove wrinkles, frankincense to remove excrescences, and narcissus bulbs to add fragrance. Oils and salves were constant accessories of the bath and toilet generally, and a great many animal fats were used. Among these were butter to cure pains, the fat of the goose, hen or swan which was used to remove blemishes, and the famous "oesypum" a sort of lanolin salve. Even the very best of these had a strong nauseating odour.

Rouge was extensively used, as the ladies of Rome did not get much fresh air and exercise. It was kept in rouge-pots of wood, alabaster or metal, a good many of which are now in museums. Martial satirized the wide use of rouge when he wrote:

"The face you show the world is laid at night Not in your bed, but in your hundred rouge-pots."

Red rouge was supplied mostly by vegetable dyes, and Ovid refers to rouge made from crushed poppy leaves. The cosmetics were applied with the finger or with a small brush.

Poppaea, Nero's empress, introduced the practice of bathing in and making beauty paste of asses' milk, which softened and whitened the skin. A sort of white paint was also used to whiten the skin, which, strange to say, was also in use as a whitewash to renovate walls. One of these paints was made of fine shavings of lead distilled over strong acid.

In Rome, as elsewhere, hair was considered women's crowning glory, and no Roman lady so considered herself unless the dressing of her hair had consumed as much time as that spent on the rest of her toilet. Hair-dyeing was a frequent practice, but usually a harmful one. Most of the dyes used were carefully kept from the face; one even turned the teeth black. Even during the time of Cato the Elder there was a preference for blonde hair, which the ladies went to great lengths to acquire. At the cost of much pain, Roman matrons dyed their hair red with applications of ashes. Gray hair was retouched and dark hair bleached to the envied reddish-gold of the Germans and Britons. Instead of having the hair dyed, many wore wigs which were bought quite openly in the market near the temple of Hercules. Most of the false hair came from the Germans or Britons.

And so it may be seen that the modern beauty methods and preparations are not so very different from those of the ancient Romans, although they certainly are a vast improvement.

MURIEL FINNEY

In Timmins

Very early in the morning, if you look out of the window, you will see men shuffling along in the snow, with lunch-pails on their backs, their fur collars turned up, and their hands, which they are slapping together vigorously, covered with big mittens. They are miners, headed for the Hollinger mines. If you follow them, you will soon see the shafts and shops of "The Hollinger." High in the sky these shafts rise and from each and every one of them, a flood of light bathes the Hollinger property.

If, after feasting your eyes on these sights for a while, you allow them to wander, you will see, here and there, hills with ski trails criss-crossing them, roads, glistening pure white fields, and sometimes, a speeding motorcycle, or a tractor hauling huge logs towards the mines or to any of the numerous mills which dot the riverside.

Then look around you. You will observe

carelessly located houses, twisted streets (many of which have no lanes), and numerous telegraph and radio poles. I rather think that the lack of arrangement shown in the building of the houses indicates that some of the citizens of this town do not expect to stay very long in this particular place. The reason for this attitude is that the mines are the only means of making a living for most people here, and if the gold should peter out, most people would find themselves out of work and would be forced to seek it elsewhere. But this danger is exceedingly remote.

Timmins, as a whole, is a very fine town. It is progressing rapidly and now is really a city according to population, although it is but twenty-five years old. If the mines hold out, Timmins soon will be one of the largest and richest cities in the Dominion. It is, as most people would say, a "Boom Town."

Lost!

Were you ever lost in the woods? I was. In all my life I have never experienced anything quite like it. A feeling of terror and utter desolation mingled to produce what, for a time, was almost panic.

I had been rambling through our northern woods and thought I could shorten the distance home by cutting through the forest instead of following the frozen river. All the tints of our woods were extremely delicate and beautiful that day. The underbrush was outlined in crystal and pearl, so that it looked to me like a fairyland held captive in marble. The air was so crisp and clear that it was half-intoxicating. I sat down on a snow-covered log and watched the brief afternoon sunshine wane. Soon the murky red sunset bathed the west; its crimson touched the mountains and the valley and smote the tips of the pines. Just a few minutes of beauty and charm—and it was gone.

Startled by an owl's eerie hooting, I jumped to my feet. It came to me suddenly that I had tramped more than far enough, and that I should have come out on the river again.

With an uncanny feeling I realized that I was lost. I ran in a southward direction, tears welling in my eyes. I stumbled and fell. For a second, I lay quite still, sick with fear; then through my mind flashed, "God is everywhere and watching everything." That helped. Something prompted me to look upwards. The tops of the trees were swaying in the wind! "North and South!" I exclaimed; for I knew that in this part of Ontario such a wind always came from the north. Home was to the southward! Following the clouds and swaying treetops, I was soon on familiar ground.

This little experience taught me a great deal. That lost feeling can come to us where there are no forests or streams. It can come within the familiar walls of home. It can come when we are seated at a desk. It can come while we are mingling in society. We do not know which way to turn. We feel desperately alone. At such times we should remember these words, "God is everywhere and watching everything." It works. I know.

MARY EVERARD

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As a teacher was teaching one day,
And while she was saying her say,
Her face turned quite blue
For she noticed one shoe
Was black, while the other was gray!

Jean (to Wee Willie who had just come from the doctor)—Did you show the doctor your tongue when you were over there?

Willie—No, I didn't show him mine, but I told him about yours.

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The Hockey Team

Mike Budzack—Mike played centre on the first forward line and figured in most of the goals scored by the players on this line. A good stickhandler with a tricky shot.

Frank Sarmiento—Dependable right winger of the first line. Always dangerous near the goal.

Marcel Theriault—One of the fastest skaters on the team. Marcel was outstanding in almost every game.

Emile Richer—As left wing man on the second line, Emile's work was sensational. Very fast with an effective sweep check.

Jack Lake—One of the most reliable players on the team. Jack turned in good games at right wing.

Harold Gauthier—Harold relieved at centre and was a standout on the attack.

Joe Delmonte—Joe developed greatly during the season and has the necessary material for a real defence player.

Henry Charlebois—Hard hitting, hard shooting defenceman. Henry was a great stumbling-block to opposing forwards.

Leslie Brown—Although this was his first year in senior company, Leslie made good with a bang and turned back many a visiting sniper.

Frank Everard—The only member of last year's team. Frank has improved with age and his vigilance before the Timmins' citadel was quite instrumental in the team's success.

A Story of the North

Art Boles, a trapper, sat up silently in his bed, cocked his head to one side, and listened intently. There it was again, that queer scratching sound at his door! Snatching up his rifle, he slipped to the door, threw it open and levelled his gun. Then he saw a small black fox about three hundred feet away. It was watching him like a dog, whining all the while. He knew at once that it was a tame fox, for it had a shiny locket round its neck.

After a few minutes of coaxing, he finally persuaded the beast to enter the cabin. There he fed it and made such good friends with it that he had no trouble taking the locket from its neck. On closer examination, the "locket" proved to be a cartridge with a note inside. He drew the note out, unfolded, and read it. When he finished, there was a determined look on his face; for the note had been a call for help from Cawden, a man who owned a fox farm fifty miles north. The note said that he had broken both legs in a snowslide and was in critical condition. "This then," Art thought, as he looked at the fox, "must be Cawden's famous pet, Babe."

Quickly Boles prepared himself for the

journey. In his knapsack, he stored what medicines he had, some blankets, tobacco, matches, and food. Then, tying on his snowshoes, he set out for the home of the helpless man.

At noon of the second day, he sighted the cabin. From its chimney a thin, feeble trail of smoke was rising. When Boles saw this, he ran the rest of the way to the cabin, pushed open the door, and made straight for the injured trapper. Thank God, he was still living!

Quickly filling the stove, the trapper set the coffee pot on to boil. Then he made the old man comfortable on his bunk. Later he cut down a large pine tree and from it he shaped four pieces of wood, about three feet long and twelve inches wide. With these he set the man's broken legs.

For over six weeks, Art Boles stayed by the cripple, made his meals, cut his tobacco, washed his body, and did everything possible to help him.

When finally the man could walk fairly well, Boles filled the woodbox, replenished the meat cache, left an ample supply of tobacco in the cupboard and departed.

He had done his duty!

ARMAND LACHAPELLE

Moonrise on Nighthawk Lake

Last August a picnic group sat around a camp fire on the beach of Night Hawk Lake.

A warm wind was blowing, which made the water very rough. The hills around the lake hid the moon, but we knew that if we waited we should see it rise, for the east was a silver sheet of light.

As we watched the waves bobbing up and down, each one was touched with silver. When the waves dipped down the silver disappeared, only to re-appear a second later on another wave. The lake was a playground of moonbeams, flitting and dancing on the wave-crests.

Soon Mother Moon peeped over the hilltop to keep watch over her children. As she rose higher the moonbeams scampered over the waves to form a long silver path in front of her. Soon the whole lake was flooded by her light.

A.C.M.

* * *

Mr. Runnals—Well Catherine, did you get the question?

C.L.—No, sir.

Mr. R.—Why didn't you? That's an easy question, and you should have been able to get it. Were you here yesterday?

C.—No, sir.

Mr. R.—That's what always happens when you stay away. You never know your work, and waste my time in class. Now, Catherine, you will have to be more regular in your attendance, or you'll be sure to fail.

Catherine—Well, er—Yesterday was Sunday.

To the Boys with Curly Hair

Some people have such curly hair
They often wish it was not there;
But if they had no hair at all
How very far their pride would fall!

Some people are so very smart
It makes you feel quite sick at heart;
When someone else gets eighty-seven,
And your poor mark is just eleven!

"B"

* * *

A new teacher asked a little boy his name; he said, "Tom." The teacher said, "You should say Thomas." The teacher asked another little boy his name and he said, "Si." The teacher said, "You should say Silas." Then she asked another little boy his name; he answered with a bright smile, "You won't need to tell me; my name is Jackass."

* * *

Miss Mackey (to Frank, who had not been paying attention)—Where are elephants found, Frank?

Frank (thinking hard for a moment)—Well, they are generally so big, they are not very often lost.

* * *

A teacher was teaching one day,
In a little school down by the bay,
When all of a sudden,
The bay started floodin',
And washed the wee schoolhouse away.

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